# AN UP-TO-DATE COURTSHIP

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CLARA PARRISH-WRIGHT AND ELDER SON

# AN UP-TO-DATE COURTSHIP

BY

CLARA PARRISH-WRIGHT

Cochrane Publishing Co.
Tribune Building
New York
1909

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TO MY HUSBAND,
Who has been my faithful critic, and who shares
with me every sentiment herein expressed,
*and*
TO MY BABIES,
Who have been, largely, its inspiration,
*This book is lovingly dedicated by*
THE AUTHOR.

THE AUTHOR WISHES ALSO
to pay
GRATEFUL TRIBUTE
to her
MOTHER,
Whose unwavering faith and capacity for sacrifice
gave her daughter large opportunity for
study and travel.
AN UP-TO-DATE COURTSHIP.

The heart does not more love the heart that loves it than the brain loves the brain that comprehends it.—Richard Le Gallienne.

## A FOREWORD.

If you belong to that class, dear reader, who believes that "The course of true love never did run smooth," you will be quite disgusted with my story, for it is my one purpose to try to prove that if it does not "run smooth" before marriage, it will not afterward; that if there is not sufficient native affinity to guarantee a like judgment on all subjects, and a like appreciation of all the things that touch the lives of the parties during the days of courtship, a really harmonious harmony cannot be effected afterward.

The one thing then for those who desire—or think they desire—to unite their lives, and all their earthly interests, is to discover whether a full affinity or the complete trinity of love exists. And how is this to be done? Certainly not in silent walks, in indulging in embraces, and in endearing terms.

It is a matter of the deepest conviction with the author that the ante-nuptial period should be made

by young people a time for the most careful study of each other, through a discussion of all the subjects that can possibly affect their joint lives, instead of a season for the mere exchange of magnetism so universally observed.

Herein then is the reason for these letters. I would help young men and women, whom I have learned to greatly admire through years of work with and for them, to a better understanding of each other, *and to a finer comprehension of the real meanings and purposes of their united lives.*

C. P. W.

HELEN

# An Up-to-date Courtship

## PRESENTATION OF LEADING CHARACTERS:

J. Arthur Macdonald, a young farmer of Southwest Texas; a Scotchman, six feet tall and very muscular, though he could not be said to incline to stoutness; with the typical ruddy blond complexion, blue eyes, heavy, straight brown hair, so light and bright as almost to suggest the red, a smooth face and an exceptionally strong, fine nose. Altogether, he must have been about as "bonnie a laddie" as one would wish to see, and now, at thirty-five, crowned with success and moral greatness, is a giant in comeliness and strength—a prince among men.

By his knowledge, unusual powers of concentration, and hard work he has achieved unparalleled success; and by being "recreated," or saved, through "an eye single" to business, has lived a most exemplary Christian life; a life above reproach. One thing only could be said to mar the symmetrical beauty of his character—in the estimation of the best type of educated young womanhood—he is, while disgusted with society and society women—who regard him, by the way, as the most desirable pros-

pective husband of the country—violently opposed to women in politics, on the platform, or in any sense in public life.

Since this is due, however, to the conservative atmosphere in which he has been brought up, and not to any knowledge he possesses of the actual results of woman's enlarged sphere, he finds it easy to change his opinions when his real education in the matter begins, and this he does with all the good sense with which he is possessed.

Helen Estelle Davenport, a young woman lecturer under the auspices of the National Equal Suffrage Association; residence, Paris, Illinois; of medium height, slight, graceful, a perfect brunette, with large, sympathetic eyes, and a wealth of hair, accompanied by that rich coloring of the skin that is so rare. Ideally beautiful, indeed, in both form and feature, and with a very superior and delicate sense of the artistic and appropriate in dress. A college girl, also, and of the very best type. Age, thirty-two years.

She is asked by the National Society to hold some meetings in San Antonio, and at this time young Macdonald hears her and is completely captivated, first by her winsome personality, and second by her logic, and concludes that the views he has held are altogether wrong and entirely unworthy of present-day manhood.

On the night he first hears her, she is dressed in

full white, without an ornament, her fine color being heightened by the decorations of the platform, particularly by a bowl of crimson roses at her side. A lovely maiden, truly, and one so wholly different from the unrefined, loudly dressed, mannish-looking individual he had expected to see. He writes her, the next day, a note of appreciation—because he could not help it—she answers, "And now my story's begun."

"CAMERON COURT," SAN ANTONIO,
NOV. 1, 1905.

MY DEAR MISS DAVENPORT:

A crusty old bachelor, and one who has always been most conservative on the whole "woman question," wishes to thank you for your last evening's address. To say nothing of its elegant diction, it was certainly the finest logic to which I ever listened.

Go on with the good work. "The Woman's Cause" *must* win, when espoused by such win*some* young women as yourself.

In the future, in your list of supporters, please include the name of J. ARTHUR MACDONALD.

303 "THE LADIES' MILE," SAN ANTONIO,
NOV. 2, 1905.

DEAR MR. MACDONALD:

My host and hostess, with whom I shared the contents of your note, have said so many kind

things about you that it gives me very unusual pleasure to answer and to express my appreciation of your candor and good sense. To know that one who possesses so much influence will henceforth help to interpret the so-called "new woman" to the world will be an inspiration indeed.

"I thank my God upon every remembrance of you."

In grateful acknowledgment,

HELEN E. DAVENPORT.

"CAMERON COURT," SAN ANTONIO,
Nov. 4, 1905.

MY DEAR MISS DAVENPORT:

I heard you again last night at the Grand Opera House, in Alamo Plaza, and your appeal to the chivalry of men touched me so deeply that I could not sleep afterward. Perhaps restitution is what I need to make, so I enclose herewith a check for ten thousand dollars to be used as your Society may direct.

May our Father continue to inspire your message, is the prayer of your new friend,

J. ARTHUR MACDONALD.

303 "THE LADIES' MILE," SAN ANTONIO,
Nov. 5, 1905.

DEAR MR. MACDONALD:

If it were not that I believe so fully in the

righteousness (rightness) of our cause, and that ultimately right must prevail, I should certainly be overwhelmed by the magnificence of your gift. As it is, I accept it for the Society, feeling that many such princely offerings would be but the just dues of those who have sacrificed so much to move the world heavenward.

Your gift will make our leaders very happy, for they can do a great educational work with this sum, but I predict that you will be blessed beyond all others, so great is the reflex influence of any unselfish act. I covet, beyond everything else, the ability to do this sort of great things.

May I not see you before I leave San Antonio on Wednesday and thank you in person? Professor and Madam la Rose join in a cordial invitation to you to dine at "Travellyn Lodge" to-morrow at eight o'clock. Hoping to see you then,

I am yours, in much appreciation,

HELEN E. DAVENPORT.

"CAMERON COURT,"

SAN ANTONIO,

Nov. 5, 1905.

MY DEAR MISS DAVENPORT:

It will give me *great* pleasure to dine at "Travellyn Lodge" to-morrow at the hour you name. I very much wished to meet you, but, knowing how fully

your time was employed, I scarcely dared hope for the honor.

Give my respects and thanks to your good and hostess, the Professor and the Lady la Rose, to expect me promptly at eight o'clock.

With many thanks to you for giving me this happy privilege,

I am, very truly yours,

J. ARTHUR MACDON

"CAMERON COURT,"
SAN ANTONIO,
Jan. 5, 1906.

MY DEAR MISS DAVENPORT:

After our interview of two months ago, I feel sure that you will not be surprised to hear from me again. Something—I dare not question fully what—has quickened a sense I thought dead within me, and a desire to cultivate anew the acquaintance of young women has taken possession of my soul.

Would you—*could* you conscientiously—from what you have learned of my character, regard me in the light of a possible lover? I have no motive in addressing you thus, other than that I desire to discover whether there may not be existing between us that affinity which insures union in all the plans and purposes of life.

Having been unable to truly honor and admire the young women whom I have met in society—and

being too prejudiced to study your type—I have steadfastly tried, for years, to pluck all the conjugal flowers" from the garden of my heart; but, since hearing and meeting you, I feel that life would not be worth the living if one is never to know this unity in its highest and most exalted sense.

This is very abrupt, I know, but I am a business man and have no other mode of expression. Besides, I believe these things should be studied more in the realm of business; in other words, that the head should rule the ante-nuptial "court," if hearts are to enlarge and be satisfied in the post.

Trusting that some good angel will interpret my spirit, and that I may hear from you again at your earliest convenience,

I am, very sincerely yours,
J. ARTHUR MACDONALD.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.,
Jan. 24, 1906.

DEAR MR. MACDONALD:

It is not my custom to reply, favorably, to such letters as your last, but, since it is so free from sentimentalism—you know there is a vast difference between sentiment and sentimentalism—and since I know so much to honor in your character, for once I am willing to study affinities, too.

Like yourself, I am a "bachelor," not because I have not a large appreciation of real manhood, but

because those with whom I have been associated have not come up to my ideal of what the "Lord of the Manor" should be. Or, perhaps, I would better say, those who wanted to marry me did not.

I shall have many questions to ask, many revelations to make, with some of which you may not be pleased; but, be that as it may, we shall doubtless both profit by the study of harmonies.

Yours for a mutual understanding,

HELEN E. DAVENPORT.

Instead of giving you my itinerary, I would recommend that you send all letters to my permanent address, at Paris, Illinois. From there they are always promptly forwarded.

"LA PLANTA FARM,"
January 29, 1906.

MY DEAR MISS DAVENPORT:

Your liberal interpretation of my spirit gave me much happiness. It may seem strange, perhaps, that I should so suddenly find myself interested in a representative of a class for whom I have had little less than contempt in the past, but you have revealed the heart of the true woman to me in a way that has completely changed my thought and life. Can you find any excuse for my ignorance?

My going to hear you that night seemed, at the time, purely accidental, I having been teased into attending the meeting by a young niece of whom I

am very fond; but I feel now that it was but the planning of Him who "controls the destiny that shapes our ends," for, whether or not any union comes of this meeting, I shall always be a better man for having known you.

Yours in the hope of a richer acquaintance,

J. ARTHUR MACDONALD.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA,
February 3, 1906.

DEAR MR. MACDONALD:

Knowing the environment of your life, I am not in the least surprised at the views you have held on the "woman question." Your parents belong to the old school, as do the majority of those with whom you have been associated. You were educated at a University that would tend to dwarf rather than enlarge your vision, and in all your immense library, I doubt if there is a single book written by one of the "Knights" or "Ladies" of the new school. Add to this the ridicule of certain daily newspapers, and, I repeat, it was perfectly natural that you should have entertained the sentiments you did.

Then I must admit also that some of the early representatives of the cause retarded rather than advanced it by their utter disregard of their personal appearance. Still others, but this class did not increase, adopted an attire that looked somewhat mannish. With this, now, I should have no patience. I

have no more use for a mannish woman than I have for an effeminate—notice that I say *effeminate,* not *feminine*—man; but I can find many excuses for the mistakes of the first advocates of any reform, for the reason that the fight against them is so strong that they have neither time nor heart to consider things that do not directly bear upon their work, or, considering them, choose to adopt customs that will be distinguishing, thinking that, perchance, as a result of the notoriety thus obtained, their messages will receive larger audience.

There are other points in your letter to which I should like to refer, but I am to meet a number of people before the evening meeting, so will have to close.

I must not forget to tell you, though, how delighted is our "Chief," the Hon. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, and other leaders, over your generous gift. Why do I say "Honorable"? The title is not the monopoly of politicians—many of whom are the least worthy of it—but belongs to those, men or women, who have performed some unselfish service for humanity.

Guests are arriving.

In great haste,

HELEN E. DAVENPORT.

"Cameron Court,"
San Antonio,
February 7, 1906.

My Dear Miss Davenport:

Unless you have received pardon for some grievous blunder, you cannot imagine my joy on reading your last letter! How glad I am that when my eyes were opened it was by the reading of such a gracious, clever "book" as yourself. The inexpressible beauty of your womanliness—a soul beauty I had never divined before—as well as your artistic and appropriate dress, half converted me before you arose that night, and by the time you had finished your unanswerable argument. I was in perfect sympathy with you, and, in consequence, living in a new world. By the way, what was the quotation you gave from Lord Tennyson at that time? "The woman's cause is man's," etc. I presume I have read it, but it had never especially impressed me until your application of it brought out its unusual strength and beauty, as does your application of everything.

May I ask, too, without seeming impertinent, what it was that led you out into public work; what particular incident or accident of your life? If I have read your soul as thoroughly as I believe I have, it is not because you would choose the platform as the best means to the end you seek; you are naturally too modest and retiring. Sometimes I feel that you are carrying the burden of a great sorrow, or disappoint-

ment, and that it is this that has so vitalized your personality and your speech.

I trust that you will not consider it discourteous in me to have spoken of the matter. If I have asked about something too sacred to relate, why, of course, you will not answer, and that will be all right. Awaiting a reply, I am,

Very truly yours,
J. Arthur Macdonald.

Minneapolis, Minn.,
Feb. 15, 1906.

Dear Mr. Macdonald:

Instead of thinking it discourteous in you to have asked why I am in the lecture field, I am only too glad for an opportunity to talk to you about myself, for I do not want to keep anything from you, and it is just possible that when you know my history, and more about my work, you may lose all interest in me.

When I was very young, a mere child of fifteen, my stepmother—I lost my own mother in infancy—wished me to marry a man of considerable prominence in the community because he had money and position. Child that I was, I knew that he was drinking continuously, and that the time would come when position, money, and all would be gone. I knew also that more than one young woman had been betrayed by him, and I reminded my stepmother of these things, but they had no influence

with her, and I was so disappointed, and every day was made so uncomfortable for me that I left home and never returned. That year I began teaching school, and a little later, with the help of friends, entered Chicago University. Here I heard all the foremost women speakers of this and other lands, and my life was transformed—or rather *formed*—by them. The address of the Honorable Miss Frances E. Willard on "A White Life for Two," especially influenced me, and was the means of my consecrating myself to the work of teaching one standard of morals for both young men and young women. Afterward I took up other subjects, for I soon learned that purity, suffrage, and temperance were all very closely related.

Now you know why the sadness you discerned. I'm "An exile from home." It may be that it does give me power, but the estrangement from my idolized father, and the separation from my dear brother Paul, who has since, as foreign correspondent for the Metropolitan press, resided abroad, is almost more than I can bear.

It has so happened that you have heard me on the suffrage question only. I have wondered many times, since this correspondence began, whether you would have been equally pleased had you heard me on temperance or purity.

The quotation from Lord Tennyson to which you refer is from "The Princess," and is as follows:

"The Woman's Cause is Man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or Godlike, bond or free.

* * * * *

Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
She mental breadth,—

* * * * *

Till at the last she set herself to Man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;

* * * * *

Then comes the statlier Eden back to man;
Then reigns the world's great bridals chaste and calm;

* * * * *

Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
May these things be!"

Isn't it fine? If you will read the entire connection, you will discover other strong, beautiful points.

Hoping for your continued interest in the cause, at least, I am most respectfully yours,

HELEN ESTELLE DAVENPORT.

"LA PLANTA FARM,"
Feb. 20, 1906.

MY DEAR MISS DAVENPORT:

I wish I had some way of making you understand at once how very much I sympathize with you in your separation from your father and brother. Possibly, through the mental science by which I was evidently informed of your grief, you may, even now, feel the response. I hope so, at any rate, though I

know that, while we have some wonderful demonstrations of telepathy, we do not seem able to maintain unbroken lines. Do you not believe we are to have some interesting discoveries soon in the realm of this science? If wireless telegraphy is possible, why not wireless telepathy? If lifeless instruments, wholly unconnected by any tangible lines, can "speak" to each other, though hundreds, or possibly thousands of miles intervene, why not human souls? I do not pretend to understand, I simply say, *Why not?*

Ordinarily, I know it would not be good policy to let one's self become particularly interested in a young woman who is "An exile from home"; but I have myself noted the things you name in society, and honor you for the position you have taken. There is no doubt but that a very large proportion of own mothers, even, who have marriageable daughters, are so anxious to see them "make a good match"—that is, marry money and position—that they totally ignore the morals of the man. They will go so far, sometimes, as to admit into their homes men whom they know to have betrayed innocent girls, and who are little less than moral lepers. I dare say I know these things even better than you—that is, the practices of immoral men—for I have had larger opportunity to study them and learn their habits, and I assure you many things are revolting to the last degree.

As to your work for temperance and purity, I can think of no phase of it that would not meet with my approval. The latter subject is a very difficult one to present, I imagine, to a mixed audience, but with your classical speech and presence I believe you could do it in a way that would silence both the ignorant and the vile—the two classes from whom the criticisms would come. Do you wish me to express myself in a more personal way on these subjects? I can truthfully say that no good woman is less virtuous because she knows me, and I never did debauch my manhood by associating with women who are impure. As to intoxicants, the lighter wines were always on my father's table, and I was brought up to believe that a moderate use of them was both wholesome and safe. It was not until I went to Princeton that I heard anything contrarywise. Of course, a great many young men there drank, but I was fortunate in securing a roommate who was a total abstainer, now my dear friend. the Rev. Dr. R. Bruce Van Allen, of Plainfield, New Jersey, and with him I went one night to hear the Honorable Jno. G. Woolley, the great temperance orator. If you ever heard him in the graphic recital of his personal experiences, you can understand how deeply I was moved. I signed the pledge that night—now more than fifteen years ago—and and have scarcely been even tempted to break it since.

Hoping that this will give you a still better understanding of my character and sentiments, I am,

Most cordially yours,

J. ARTHUR MACDONALD.

FARGO, N. DAKOTA,
March 1, 1906.

DEAR MR. MACDONALD:

To say that I was pleased with your letter of the 20th ultimo would only half express it. I was delighted to find that you understood me. Delighted also to know that you do not need to be converted to the principles of temperance and purity. I could accept the attentions of a young man whom I had convinced of the justice of woman's enfranchisement, but I could not of one who needed converting, or was converted under my teaching, to temperance or purity. Indeed a man who needed any change of heart at all on the latter subject would have absolutely no interest for me. Neither would he have—as a prospective lover—if he had ever been a drunkard.

This has been my chief quarrel with young women and my chief concern regarding them. How they think they can see any happiness for themselves, in the future, when they marry men who drink, and whose moral standards are low, is more than I can tell. They "love them," they say. Bah! I have no patience with it. They do not

know the first principles of the real passion. *Love is founded on respect, and no other foundation has it.*

Then there is the sin—such a sin, it seems to me—of accepting for the father of one's children a man both diseased and depraved. Admitting that it is the privilege of young women to blight their own individual lives, if they choose, they have no right—absolutely none—to dwarf mentally, weaken morally, and disease physically, the men and women of to-morrow. I feel very strongly on this subject, and believe, when I am talking to young women along these lines, I am at my best.

Replying to another part of your letter—I cannot hold you responsible for the customs of your father's house. You seem to be open to conviction in all matters that pertain to right and justice, and that trait in your character is admirable in the extreme. Some men would say it is a sign of weakness, perchance, to be convertible, but I regard it as a sign of strength. It is such as you who make the world move on from high to still higher ideals. And it is the boasted unconvertible sort who block the wheels of progress and delay the great Utopian day.

Concerning the subject of "telepathy," I have given it considerable thought, and conclude with you that we are to have some larger revelations of its possibilities soon. I myself am somewhat slow to accept new theories, or discoveries, when the

mystic is under the searchlight, but I have had some unusual experiences in this realm, and must admit that I am intensely interested in it.

Hoping that you, too, will understand me better as a result of this letter, I am,

Most appreciatively yours,

HELEN E. DAVENPORT.

"LA PLANTA FARM,"

March 4, 1906.

MY DEAR MISS DAVENPORT:

Your dissertation on the subject of love—which must be excerpts from your special lecture to young women—I found of very peculiar interest. Will you not tell me more? You have been my teacher in other matters. I believe you are capable of instructing me in this. *What is love?* Is it a voluntary or involuntary act or condition of the human soul? The old idea is, I think, that "love goes where it is sent"—that is, that it is beyond the control of the individual. Can you appreciate this sentiment? I believe myself to be in love with you. Can you imagine any such condition as that possible when we have met but once face to face?

I shall not tell you that I cannot live without you, nor indulge in any expressions that could call in question my sanity, as I have known men to do, but truly and sincerely I believe that the spirit that has led me out and up to higher, nobler thought and life

is the "magnet" that, correlated, could raise me to the very beauty of holiness. Is there not some response in your heart to this? If there is not some way of determining when related souls meet, then a theory of mine is shattered, for I have always felt that the queen of my heart was to appear suddenly upon my horizon; that I was to recognize her instantly, and that she would be all my desires could picture.

As I have before told you, there was a period in my life when hope ran low; yet even then I never quite lost my interest in a possible beautiful home that was to be presided over by "My Lady Fair." Am I still understood? Am I worthy the home I would help to build?

Of course I am more pleased than I can tell that you do not hold me responsible for the customs of my father's house. Also that you find my frank, open nature so admirable. On some subjects my judgments are yet unformed and I pray God, that, when the moment comes to decide each, I may still be as easily convertible to the right.

Awaiting most anxiously your next,

I am, in all truth and candor, yours,

J. ARTHUR MACDONALD.

DEAR MR. MACDONALD:

By your last letter, I see that I have impressed you as one well versed in the "Ethics of Love."

Quite the reverse is true, I assure you. I consider myself almost a novice, yet I have been a close student of the laws controlling the affections—because this sort of knowledge is of great value to me in my work among young women—and I do not mind giving you the results of my research.

First, lexicographers tell us that "conjugal love is a strong, complex emotion of the soul;" but this definition is very unsatisfactory unless one is able to still further analyze it, and to discover why or what produces it. Especially is it important in the study of it to be able to determine what the word "complex" comprehends, for by the use of that very term it is evident that it is not easily explained. On consulting the highest authority, I find that "complex" means: "consisting of interwoven parts," so we know that several elements enter into the composition of conjugal love. Now, what are they? Of course, *in the very beginning,* there must be *a physical attraction,* the appeal being first made through the sense of sight; love has, therefore, a physical side, or element, and it is basic. Second, I hold that there must be an intellectual perception and compatibility, so a mental side or element, and, third, a spiritual unity, which produces that esctatic feeling inspired by a perfect blending of the physical and mental attributes.

The physical element, which is the involuntary attraction of two natures for each other, is the ele-

ment that quickens the pulse; it is the rushing together, so to speak, of the two poles of a magnet; it is so powerful and convincing as to make young people believe that they have found their exact counterparts, and cause them to plunge into matrimony without further consideration of the subject. It is not love, however, and has no more power to hold, after the "honeymoon" has passed than had the withes and cords with which the Philistines bound Israel's muscular Judge. It is those who marry with this limited knowledge and experience, only, who soon apply for a divorce. I would not minimize the physical element—it is essential, but I repeat, it, alone, is not love, and has absolutely no ability, of itself, to insure happiness. Of course, if two people are so illiterate or low bred as to have no conception of intellectual or spiritual affinity, they may possibly be happy, in their way, but you know the more civilized man becomes, the higher is his ideal of love and marriage.

We say there is "intellectual compatibility" when the ideality of the parties is identical. That is, when they read the same literature, admire the same works of art, have the same opinions regarding religion, justice, honor, civic duties and so on and on. This element may be cultivated, under certain conditions, but it cannot be planted outright, unless the soils are akin. We might class it as semi-voluntary, for we can learn to admire those whose ideals are similar

to our own—though they may not interest us in any other way—and husband and wife, who have no other attraction, can be reasonably happy together. They will be much happier at least than the two who are mated physically only, for in the former instance regard will increase with a longer acquaintance, while in the latter, a revulsion of feeling follows the "honeymoon." In neither case, however, it seems to me, have the parties a moral right to parenthood. A great American editor once said, through his magazine, in referring to mere physical mating in marriage, "it is nothing more nor less than legal prostitution."

What shall I say further of the *Spiritual? It can follow only when the physical and mental elements are harmonious and complete,* and to be complete, there must be included, in addition to what has already been said, a mutual understanding and an exalted appreciation of God's design in creating sex. I like to think of the spiritual element in love as God's seal of approbation upon the union, for undoubtedly it is that element which renders sacred the marital relation, and there can be no real marriage without it. When this element is present in a union, in large measure, with the other two, physical attraction and intellectual affinity, men and women attain to what we call "heaven upon earth," the most satisfying ideal of life being reached.

Now, would you say that spiritual love is volun-

tary or involuntary? All other conditions being favorable, I believe it involuntarily follows, though, of course, that *"ecstatic emotion"* before referred to can only be the result of gradual growth as the two natures unfold. The best quality of "the tender passion" is a matter of growth in every sense in fact, for while there is an involuntary element, the perfect harmonizing of souls is very largely a matter of cultivation and care.

All this analysis leads one to feel that the spiritual part is transcendently the more beautiful part, yet the intellectual is important—since it is through the intellect that beauty—i. e., character—is discerned; and even the physical, deceptive and dangerous as it is, must not be ignored. What we should do when we feel moved by the physical element's captivating power is to refuse to let it "have dominion over us," if our calm judgment tells us that between ourself and the other party there is neither mental nor spiritual affinity, nor any possible ground upon which they could be made to grow. I perfectly agree with a statement in one of your former letters when you said: "The *head* must rule the ante-nuptial 'court,' if hearts are to enlarge and be satisfied in the post."

Do I believe that *"love at first sight"* is possible? Yes, but I do not believe that all those who think themselves capable of discerning it so readily really are. In fact, I think I should distrust any one's

judgment in the matter until some tests had been made, but the truth is, if the basis of a perfect union exists at all it exists in the beginning, so there is some reason in the old ideals.

Have I not replied to you, indirectly, when you ask: "Am I in love?"

My physical being does respond to the call of yours, and I am inclined to think you are worthy to help build the home you have pictured, but whether there exists between yourself and me all the harmonies necessary to its perfect "musical setting" I cannot say. We are in a fair way to discover, however, it seems to me, and this leads me to the subject of courtship; do you know I think it is so wrong for young people to make the period of courtship a season for the mere exchange of magnetism, when it should be a time for candidly discussing all things that could, in any way, affect their joint lives. There is much education needed in this matter, too. The subject is inexhaustible, but I cannot say more at this time.

Hoping that what I have said is but the introduction to what we shall know some day, I am,

Very truly yours,

HELEN E. DAVENPORT.

"La Planta Farm,"
March 14, 1906.

My Dear Miss Davenport:

I do not know how to thank you enough for your letter of the 10th inst. Again, you have led me into a new world of thought.

Of course, in a way, I suppose every one tries to define and divine *the* passion of his soul, but I have never read so comprehensive an analysis of love as the one you have given, and I do not believe very many young people have gone so deeply into the subject. Is it not your duty to give the results of your study along these lines larger audience? Would not young women, and young men, too, with such an analysis as a guide (intelligent young men and women) be sensible enough to continue the study, in their own cases, and accept the tests, even though a temporary disappointment were the result? If they would, the divorce question might almost be settled out of the courts, for it undoubtedly is a lack of knowledge of the laws controlling the affections that causes so much unhappiness and so many separations. We say, in speaking of some of our friends—"there is incompatibility." What we mean, I now see, is that the trinity of love is wanting.

I am so impressed with the truth of what you say regarding these things, and I feel as though you must make them known " for the sake of the homes we build to-morrow," to use one of your own quota-

tions. You have said that you coveted money because of the great help you could then be in forwarding every good cause; I covet, beyond all else, the ability to give expression to some beautiful, vital sentiment that shall make every one better who reads it. Is it not a commendable ambition? I owe even this to you, however, for I have been so absorbed in business I really never have been especially interested in making this old world better before.

Your statement, or quotation, to the effect that the cohabitation of the sexes, unless sanctified by the presence of the spiritual element in love, "is nothing less than legal prostitution" almost shocked me at first, but I see now that it is as impossible for a civil contract to join two people as it is for mere membership in the church to save them.

The relations of men and women are nearly all on a false basis. The deeper I go into the subject, the more clearly I see this. The better I understand you, too, the more I admire and appreciate you and long to know you intimately. I can bide your time, however. You have given me all the hope a woman with such a soul could, and I shall be content to await developments; shall want to wait, in fact, until we can put to the test every condition that could produce a discordant note.

I wish we might have another meeting soon; can you see any possibility of this?

Thanking you again, and again, for your gracious helpfulness,

I am, yours, "in the patience of hope,"

J. ARTHUR MACDONALD.

LINCOLN, NEB.,
March 20, 1906.

DEAR MR. MACDONALD:

If I were inclined to be conceited, methinks my head would be quite turned as a result of the compliments in your last, appreciative letter. You are an apt pupil (?) truly. It had never occurred to me that I was capable of delving down into the depths and bringing up pearls. You encourage me greatly. I will consider what you say regarding my "duty," for I certainly desire to do all I can to help bring about a finer comprehension and a more exalted view of love, courtship and marriage.

Although I have given much of my time to the propagation of other truths, thinking that perhaps woman's industrial and political emancipation would have to precede her elevation to the position of a coördinate officer in the home, I have long believed that the relations of the sexes was by far the most vital subject before us.

To my mind even the secret liaisons of men and women are scarcely more profane than marriage without the sanctifying force of spiritual union. I have never given these sentiments public utterance

because I know I should be misunderstood, but I want you to know how I feel. The low ideals some men and women hold of their God-given powers of procreation result in the committing of the greatest sins of this or any age. All the murders, even, that are perpetrated in the heat of passion, do not compare in awfulness with the murders, in cold blood, of unborn children, or being born are unwelcome and unloved. "Go away; I never did want you," I once heard a mother say to her beautiful, three-year-old boy!

You may think I take an extreme view of this, and perhaps I do, but in my travels I have such large opportunity to know conditions, and I hear such terribly distressing things. Nearly every day some woman opens her heart, sometimes to tell me she is in torment because of the abuses that are practiced upon her! sometimes to boast of her own cleverness (?) in being able to enjoy a perpetual honeymoon (?) without ever having the care of children. I know whereof I speak, and I repeat, that it is in this realm that the greatest sins of all are committed. When I think along these lines, and especially when I write, it seems to me my very soul is aflame with an indescribable longing to alter conditions.

Society *is* organized on a false basis, due mainly to the fact that so much of mystery surrounds the attributes of sex, in the minds of young women in particular. Instead of instructing their daughters in

all that pertains to sex, so as to impress them with the sacredness of the high offices of woman, mothers withhold all information and so surround love and marriage with a mystery that is discussed, particularly by immature girls, in secret conferences and in the dark hours.

Other things in this connection rush to the point of my pen, but I must leave them for a later letter. Regarding another meeting, I scarcely know what to say. My itinerary is mapped out for the next three months and it carries me almost to the Pacific Coast. After that I do not know where I shall be, but since you wish it, I will ask that a brief rest period be allowed me, and you can join me at the home of my Aunt Emily De Forrest, at 5025 The Avenue, South, Paris, Illinois.

You speak of being "absorbed in business," and I want to tell you, before closing, that my admiration for your success, as I learned of it in San Antonio, is very great. Next to the traits that go to make up a fine Christian character, women admire business sense in men. Upon inquiry I found that you had made your money legitimately, and that was all I wanted to know. I have given myself absolutely to my work, without any thought of a financial return, but I have come to feel that it is right that young people should invest their earliest years in the acquiring of a competency, so that, when they reach their mental prime, they can preach, teach, or do anything

they like without being dependent upon a salary for a support. They could accomplish more, in a few years, in this way, I believe, than they could in a life-time empty handed. To be sure there would be the objection that one would become so fascinated with money making that he could not change to direct Christian work, but this is not true. Those who would really be capable of advancing a good cause would find their niche. I once thought it was selfish to make money, but it cannot be selfish to do anything that puts one in a position to more greatly help his fellowmen. The thing that is wrong is in selfishly using the money after it is made. Then one needs money to thoroughly prepare himself for life's duties. Very early in my work I met a clergyman, a man of seventy, whose virility was still unimpaired, and he urged me to spend more time in preparation and less in work. Said he: "If I had my life to live over again, and knew that God would give me seventy purposeful years, I would spend sixty of it in preparation for work during the remaining ten."

Trusting that your wealth and all your talents may be fully consecrated to the work of helping the world Godward, which is the only great work, I am,

Ever interestedly yours,

HELEN E. DAVENPORT.

"Hotel Brazos," Houston, Texas,
March 24, 1906.

My Dear Miss Davenport:

You are giving me so much to think about these days I do not know whether I shall be capable of digesting it all, but I am delighted to find myself rising to meet you in all the advanced thinking of the present time.

I wish I might have begun these studies earlier, but you are so good as to find, not only excuses for my lack of knowledge regarding the moral progress of the world, but also actual admiration for my business career, which has made me appear so uneducated in other ways. How lovely of you! And sensible, too, of course, it seems to me, for while money is not everything, there is very little of even opportunity for us without it. At any rate, one who could do wonderful things without it could do even more wonderful things with it.

To prove to you that I am not wedded to business, I am willing to put all my interests into the hands of my capable assistants any day you name in order that I may see more of you and study the laws of our being. I feel as though I were just beginning to live, and I am truly thankful that I shall not be hampered in attaining to my ideals because of lack of funds.

You have had so much larger opportunity to study people than have I, that I cannot question anything

you say regarding conditions, though what you relate is shocking in the extreme. I have known of the existence of some of these things, but it had never occurred to me that the marriage altar was the place where so many men and women sign their own "death warrants," and the "death warrants" of their children. I hope the time may speedily come when they may be restrained by love, if not by law.

I am a great admirer of children, and I can find no words to express my feelings when I think of even one little innocent being turned away by its mother, in the fashion you name. "Is it possible," I said to myself as I read; "can any woman be so utterly devoid of the maternal instinct as to dislike her own offspring?" Surely she is unworthy, not only the name of mother, but of woman, also. The mater in the brute creation has finer feeling than that! As I have before said, I do not doubt your word, and I assure you I deplore conditions as much as yourself —that is, if that is possible, with my limited knowledge—and I rejoice that even a few are courageous enough to speak out no matter what the cost.

Organizations for the elevation of the race have had little support from a vast multitude of good people, probably, chiefly because they, like myself, are uninformed, and the influences that could give them "an arrest of thought" do not reach them. I do not refer to society people, of course, but to leading members of the church, who are unidentified with

temperance, missions and other philanthropies. Seems to me it is they who must be converted first, before those who are living sinful, dual lives can be reached.

Regarding the matter of the failure of mothers to instruct their daughters in all that pertains to the preparation for wifehood and motherhood, as you say, it is strange that such false ideals obtain in this realm. *Woman was created for the high and holy offices of wife and mother, and for this alone,* yet not one girl in ten thousand has passed beyond the "a b c's" of her education for this position. Is not this one place where "the old man" and "the new woman" could agree? Would they not both say that girls should be trained for their specific vocation first, their education in the arts and sciences to be a secondary consideration only?

You speak in your letter of "woman's industrial emancipation," so you may not agree with me when I assert that *woman should have no calling save that of homemaking;* but I could not be true to you and to my convictions without telling you, now the subject is under consideration, just what I think. My memories of your public addresses, however, reassure me that even here our ideals are the same. A few, like yourself, must be sacrificed on the platform, before the adjustment day can come, and possibly vast numbers of women—mothers—must die in the "sweatshops." This, I believe, is your thought, for

while the unsympathetic and falsely informed say the new woman desires her industrial and political freedom that she may be independent of marriage, you have taught me that she covets them *in order that she may be independent of undesirable marriage, only.* If you can tell me that I have made the proper discrimination, I shall begin to think that our spirits were created akin. Please hasten to give me the assurance.

I am very happy to know that we may meet again after three months, though in my impatience I would say I wish it were three days. You can forgive a would-be lover's impatience though, can't you, when you have overlooked other and more flagrant faults?

Believing this fully, I am

Ever faithfully yours,

J. ARTHUR MACDONALD.

OMAHA, NEB.,
April 10, 1906.

DEAR MR. MACDONALD:

It gives me great pleasure to "hasten to assure" you, for when you say you have come to understand that "woman desires her political and industrial freedom in order that she may be independent of *undesirable* marriage only," you make the very finest discrimination I ever heard on the subject. In all my efforts to explain "the reason why," I am sure I

have never coined a sentence that is so comprehensive as this. It exactly expresses my mind on the subject, and the fact that you have divined it; that you are now intuitively reading the new thought of woman, encourages me, too, to hope that "our spirits were created akin."

I know "the old man," while he would agree with me, as you say, in some matters, would not expect me to express a hope like this, but I could never see why a woman should always hide her feelings while "a man pins his faith to his sleeve," and I feel sure that you are beyond this "grade" in your new "nature studies."

Shall I tell you a little more of my soul's ideals? As a result of the awakening that came to me a few years ago, I gave up all thought of marriage, not because I preferred to do so, but because, as I think I have before explained to you, I did not believe I should find any one between whom and myself the full trinity of love could exist. I am not averse to marriage; indeed I recognize it as the only true state, and perfectly realize that she who misses "the crown of motherhood" misses by far the most beautiful thing in life. So—I say to you candidly, I shall rejoice if our Father calls me, through you, to woman's highest office, for the supreme desire of my soul is for motherhood; to be able to press to my bosom a bright, beautiful baby that is my very own. It is on the subject of marriage and motherhood that women

in public life have been most grossly misunderstood. They, above all others, appreciate and desire these things. What they are weary of is bearing sons for the saloon, the gambling house, the brothel, and for that relic of barbarism—war; and daughters for drunkards' wives and dens of vice. You have said so much in appreciation of maternity I think you cannot misunderstand nor upbraid me for expressing myself so frankly. Indeed your last letter made me feel that you desired me to express myself on the subject and I certainly think it is the most important matter for discussion between prospective lovers. I should not disappoint you in this. There are, however, many other disclosures and discoveries for us to make, so I must not allow hope to grow too large.

To return to the subject of woman's enfranchisement, you know in the days when there was nothing woman could do but cook, spin, weave and sew, and these had no market value, she was obliged to marry for a support. There was no other alternative. By refusing to do so, she became the household drudge, the scarcely less than slave of the entire relationship. To be sure the support meant often merely enough to eat and an occasional calico gown, but it offered her a sort of a place to abide, and that was deemed better than no abiding place at all.

Can we wonder, when we think of all this, that a fanatic (?) was born one day, who dared predict the emancipation of her sex, and who was, herself, brave

enough to be immolated upon the altar of the prophecy? All hail to the spirit of our late, lamented leader, the Hon. Susan B. Anthony. Our present possibilities are due to her achievement, for to-day any young woman, who is sensible enough, can refuse to marry a young man who does not represent her ideals, for every avenue of usefulness is open to her. Can we foresee the far-reaching results of this great social change? For one thing it is going to mean that young women will make the same demands of young men that young men have been making of them. The lover has been accustomed to ask his sweetheart—has your life been perfectly chaste? The sweetheart, by reason of her present independence, may now with perfect boldness, in turn, question her lover: "Are you as pure as you expect me to be?"

In times past mothers have been, in some measure, at least, responsible for the double standard of morals, but the future will certainly lay upon young women the duty to effect the change. Since their position is so much freer than their mothers I can easily believe that all they will need is arousing to the strength of their vantage ground.

Tennyson

"Saw a vision of the ages and the wonders yet to be,"

and evidently not the least of these wonders will be a virtuous manhood—a manhood made virtuous by woman's financial independence and persuasive demands. When the time comes that women marry for one reason only—love—a desire for honorable companionship and maternity, gladly will they cease to be competitors with men in the trades and professions and go back to the home, and what a happy day that will be!

Let me outline my thought again more concisely: yesterday woman was man's chief servant—his cook, his laundress, his nurse, his complement, but on a low plane. To-day she is half his antagonist, a warrior on the opposite side, an ego refusing maternal cares. To-morrow she will be his business partner—that is, as advisory—his companion and friend, his homemaker, the willing mother of his children, though she agrees to be only half their teacher and moral guide. Perhaps to-day's strained conditions had to be in order to bring about the beautiful to-morrow.

Reading between the lines you must see from this, if you were not already convinced, that I perfectly agree with you when you say that "woman was created for the high and holy offices of wife and mother and for these alone." There is no doubt in my mind but that the design of the Creator was that she should have no calling save that of homemaking, and I know it is the one paramount wish of all true

reformers that woman should have opportunity to be and do just that. She should occupy such an exalted position as a queen, however, and not as a squaw, and to this end she should have a broad education first, the special training for her "specific vocation," a postgraduate course.

What has stung the progressive woman most keenly is that men of the old school have thought she should have gone on accepting the conditions of medieval ages, and accusing her of making matters worse by her efforts to elevate her sex. We are "out of our sphere," they say. Like the Hon. Sam Jones, I think, there is one time only—under existing conditions—when a woman is "out of her sphere," *and that is when she takes in washing to support a drunken husband.*

I cannot tell you how I long to see all these things righted; how I long to help bring about a better understanding between young men and women; a diviner understanding of their privileges and duties. To educate the fathers and mothers of to-morrow up to a high ideal of the home life, would mean to revolutionize society quicker than it could be done in any other way, for everything depends upon the quality of the home life.

I, too, am glad we are to meet before long, and I promise not to delay the day unnecessarily. You certainly have given me sufficient proof of the fact that you are not so engrossed in business that you cannot

turn to a work that looks to the moral uplift of the world, and I rejoice in this.

So far, it seems to me, our awakened lives have been running in parallel lines and this is all we need to know.

Yours, in the hope that they will thus continue,

HELEN E. DAVENPORT.

"LA PLANTA FARM,"
April 15, 1906.

MY DEAR MISS DAVENPORT:

My heart went out to you by leaps and bounds, as I read your recent letter. To know that you unite your hopes with mine, the hope that our Father is preparing us for a great work together, made it seem as though I walked on air.

That night I first saw you before a public audience, I thought you admirable in the extreme, but now I understand that then I beheld the mere shadow only of the gracious personality that was to be revealed to me; then I learned, for the first time, that the new woman—*the real new woman*—was worthy of respect; now I know that she is worthy of the highest homage the world can give; that she is as superior to the old type as gold is superior to brass; as much more valuable to society as diamonds are more precious than gold.

I believe now, too, that the reason I could not admire the young women whom I met in society was

because I was to be saved for a higher ideal. Do you not think God keeps us, if we ask Him, from forming wrong alliances? Few trust Him, or consult Him in such matters, hence so many misfits. I have made this more a subject of prayer than I have any other interest of my life, and I do not believe He is going to disappoint me.

I greatly enjoyed your brief outline of the evolution of women in recent years, and believe with you that the changes that have been going on will continue until she comes to her rightful inheritance. I did not reason it out fully at the time you led me to see why woman wants the franchise, and all the privileges that would subsequently be hers, that the securing of them meant that her next desire would be to go back to the home, but it dawned upon me as I read your last letter that this would be but the logical result. You see I am wholly converted to the new ideal; yes, pocketbook and all, which is the supreme test, is it not? Seriously, Miss Davenport, I would not use the financial help I could give to influence you in your decision regarding our possible union, if I could, but if the results of our investigations terminate as we both hope they may, you shall surely draw upon my bank account for any sum you wish in forwarding your great work.

And now, how can I find words adequate to express my appreciation of that portion of your letter in which you refer to the deepest longings of your

woman's soul! "Is this the new woman?" I said over and over. *The new woman!* The type that we have been denouncing as caring neither for home nor for motherhood! How ashamed I feel and how humiliated should every man be who has added to the misunderstanding of her and her mission!

I know no words meaningful enough to convey to you the admiration—yes, adoration of my manhood, for a young and beautiful woman, who has been applauded by the multitude, and who could, no doubt, go on and up, until she reached the highest offices and honors in the gift of a great worldwide society, who says practically: "I would give it all, if only I might, without lowering my ideals, look into the face of a bright, beautiful baby that was my very own." It is past all understanding by those who have not entered into the new world of thought; it would have been incomprehensible to me six months ago, if it had come indirectly, and without being accompanied by the touch of your nonesuch loveliness and power.

I never coveted the gift of a ready writer as I do now. Oh, for language rich enough to express the emotion of my soul! To me, a young wife who purposely, intelligently, lovingly plans for fulfilling in such a high and holy sense the design of her Creator is akin to the Madonna, is a Madonna in fact, with a halo about her head. I kneel to her, I kneel to her in reverence and love. In your interpretations of the

new woman you reach the climax here, as, indeed, this should be the climax of every woman's life.

Society never taught me anything like that, Miss Davenport. In society I learned, somehow, that a desire for motherhood was the very least of young women's desires; that they, in fact, wished to escape it, and would plan any way, legitimately or otherwise, to do so. What a contrast is now presented to my mind! And how my respect for the one class increases, while it decreases for the other class! The two are in the same ratio exactly, that is, the law of the proportions is the same. You cannot see the two pictures as I do, but I dare say the differences are as strongly marked in my mind, as the differences between a man of the highest moral honor and a libertine are in yours.

In your next will you not outline, complete, your ideal husband? You will forgive me if my anxiety to know all the possible things that could stand between us seems too great. I feel as though I were on trial for my life, and that the judge, while most generous and sympathetic, would have to be just, too; that is, just to herself and her children, and that might leave me out.

I must not fail to thank you for the cordial compliment in your letter. If I were fortunate in one of my definitions of women of your type, I am certainly glad, especially if it commends me to you.

With a feeling that I have not half expressed my

admiration for you, but with most happy anticipations of the promised visit, and with a strangely appreciative interest in you.

I am, ever yours,

J. ARTHUR MACDONALD.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

April 28, 1906.

DEAR MR. MACDONALD:

Your expressed appreciation of my desire for motherhood is the most beautiful thing I ever read! A young woman who regards maternity as her highest privilege, and who looks upon life as incomplete, or only half lived, without it, is, to you, "a Madonna, with a halo about her head." It is exquisitely beautiful, a classic, truly, and I shall certainly see that it is preserved. Other things being equal, a loving, purposive young woman could undoubtedly trust her happiness to you. You say I have a large duty to perform in bringing young women up to my ideals of love and marriage; is it not possible that you, also, are responsible for the education of your sex along these same lines? There are many sons, of course, who have respect deep and true for motherhood, but unless I am incapable of interpreting the thoughts and acts of young men in general, much the larger proportion of them still accept the old pagan idea of the inferiority of woman. If they do not look upon her as a household drudge, they

regard her in the light of a toy; a plaything; a something to be petted and fed sweets, so you see there is a great opportunity for work here. To take young men who have advanced thus far only from the savage, and put them into a world where women occupy the exalted position which they occupy in your mind, would be almost an incomparable work.

I have deplored the fact so much that there are so few young men—Christian workers—who are making a specialty of teaching sex laws and the importance of personal purity to growing boys. Once in a great while we hear of an evangelist holding a meeting "for men only," during the course of a revival, and occasionally a pastor makes such meetings a part of his local work; but if there is more than one place—a school in Oklahoma—where any real, definite and systematic plans for the sex education of the fathers of to-morrow are carried out, by teachers, pastors, Y. M. C. A. workers or others, I do not know it. Isn't the field of usefulness large? The intelligent youth who would do good sees so many open doors, he scarcely knows which to enter, yet there are those who think every avenue of usefulness is closed to them, and every place of possible business success filled. When you retire from active farm work there will be such a multitude of things that you can do, with your money, talents and influence, but your last letter leads me to feel that you should first consider the matter of the moral eleva-

tion of young men. Probably the leading step in this direction would be to woo them to the farm, and if so you would find yourself again in a realm where you are king. Farm life is unattractive to most young men, but it seems to me a wide knowledge of your success would send a host of them right to the frontier. Sometime, when you feel like it, please tell me all about how you began your work.

Your assertion that Mrs. Macdonald should have free access to your bank account is just what one might expect of you after all the other things you have said. If a man's character were not above reproach or I did not find between him and myself the affinity that would guarantee perfect happiness, his money would have no influence over me whatever; but if, on the other hand, my would-be "king of a beautiful realm called home" owned large estates, which he had come into possession of honestly, I should be most grateful and happy, for I do love the beautiful for myself, as well as having a strong desire to take it to others. A home filled with good books and adorned with the paintings, statues, and other things that inspire, refine, and exalt the thought and life, in every sense, I frankly acknowledge that I covet. I do not want it for myself alone, however; such a home can be a veritable beacon light in the community in which it stands, and I should expect mine to be such. I could never be exclusive, if I had a lovely home, but when festivals

were to be observed, should invite the poor and illiterate as well as the educated and refined. Here is a new test for you; can you meet me in it? I know it is not in harmony with your training, and perchance you may feel that your home would be too sacred a place to which to invite the unkempt. Give me your thought in this.

You ask if I do not believe, if we make it a subject of prayer, that God keeps us from forming wrong alliances. I certainly do. Here is the assurance in language most beautiful. "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." The difficulty is that young people, even Christian young people, do not consider this one of the "ways" in which He can and will aid them. Like yourself, I long ago put the matter into His hands, and my faith in His promises is very great.

On re-reading your letter I find that I have failed to answer what to you, no doubt, is its most vital part; namely, to give you a description of my ideal husband, but my time is now too limited to undertake so important a sketch. I must leave it for a more convenient season.

I want to say to you in this connection, however, that I believe you have exactly summed up the young women in society when you say you think their one ambition, even when they first begin to contemplate marriage, is to escape the duties and responsibilities of maternity. There can be but little doubt that this

is true, and in discerning it you again prove yourself a very close student of character. When one remembers the failure of mothers to present sex truths to their daughters' minds in a beautiful, sacred way, perhaps it is not so much to be wondered at, yet it is difficult, too, to understand how any young woman—especially one educated and refined—even though she grew up with perverted ideals, can help changing them after marriage; can possibly come into the new relationship without desiring motherhood. It always seemed to me that with any other ideals the relationship must be repulsive in the extreme to woman, and that to try to reconcile her conscience to any other course, would be to sacrifice all that subtle influence that is so ennobling to those with whom she comes in touch. *Of course, I think a woman should be the monitor of her own procreative possibilities*—even as are the less sensitive kine and other of the lower orders of animals—but for her to accept marriage, and then refuse the highest office to which marriage calls her, is altogether inexcusable, and strangely unworthy of cultured womanhood.

You can easily see that this condition is just in line with the other things, pertaining to sex, about which we have been conferring. It is not easy to comprehend, is it? why the "Creator of all things" chose to make the road to the perfecting of the race so long. The advanced thinkers of one generation

must struggle and suffer and die, before the ideals for which they stood are woven into the warp and woof of society, but fortunately the weaving is going on continuously, and by and by we shall attain to His ideals for us. I should like to have lived a hundred years hence; yet it is a glorious privilege to be living to-day, if one is in the forefront of the battle for righteousness.

Promising to reply to other points of your letter soon, and in a growing hope and faith that our souls are closely related,

I am truly and appreciatively yours,

HELEN E. DAVENPORT.

"LA PLANTA FARM,"
May 4, 1906.

MY DEAR MISS DAVENPORT:

Your delightful letter is at hand, but before I answer it I have a bit of news for you, which, I am sure, will make you most happy. Yesterday, my friend, Edwin Somerville—a friend of high-school days—came out to "La Planta Farm" to see me on a little matter of business, and I persuaded him to remain over night. After dinner we adjourned to my "den" and shut ourselves up for an old time visit, and in the course of the conversation he referred to your lectures here, and said he did not believe any one had ever done as much good in the community as you; that both the young men and the young

women were still talking about you, and that the more they talked the larger their appreciation of the sentiments you expressed became. You may be sure that I added emphasis to every point, and it would not surprise me if clubs for special study were the result. He said this not knowing that I had any particular interest in you, which shows what a lasting impression you made upon his mind, too. My own admiration for you grew stronger as he talked, for I realized more fully what an enormous amount of good you have done.

"What would it mean to a fellow to have such a young woman for a wife?" Edwin said. To this my heart responded in beats almost loud enough for him to hear, but instead of replying directly, I said: "Do you feel that you would be worthy of such a wife, Edwin?" (I had heard that he had been living a fast life since I had known much of him, and was so glad for an opportunity to talk to him about it.) He sat grave and silent for a while, and then followed the recital of a chapter in the history of the young man's life, when he was induced, through the influence of evil associates, to visit the brothel, the gambling house, and all the dark places of sin. He had "reformed, though." "But," I said, "Edwin would you accept a reformed young woman for a wife?" Of course he was quite shocked at such a suggestion as that, but before we retired, which was not till the "wee sma'" hours of the night, I had

him admitting that that was the only sort to which he was entitled; that he had no right to ask a young woman whose blood was pure, to accept for the father of her children one who had ever been a patron of the scarlet house. I think you can see from this outline the entire drift of our conversation, and know all the good I attempted to do. You will note, too, that I have taken advantage of the first opportunity after the receipt of your letter to speak to young men on the subject of sex. Nor was it difficult to do, for my sympathies certainly went out to young Somerville, as I recalled how little was done, by even parents, to save young men from such a course, and how manifold were the inducements to follow it. This is another one of the conditions in society that is "passing strange," isn't it? How fathers can allow their sons to come to and pass the most critical period in their development, without informing them of its significance, is more that I can understand. They are no less responsible than mothers for the morals of future generations.

My one experience has given me a real heart hunger to save boys from personal vice, and all its attendant evils, and if you will help me to determine how money can best be used to reach large numbers, I will devote a considerable sum to work in that way, as well as continue to do personal, hand to hand work as opportunity offers.

It is natural, is it not? that that never to be forgotten night in my study, with poor Edwin Somerville, should call to mind my own boyhood, and make me wonder, as never before, how it was that I was saved from the fate of the average young man. It was not because I was less susceptible, at that age, to evil influences, I am perfectly confident of that; no, it must have been because the evil influences did not reach me. My father and mother never talked to me about sex laws—doubtless the suggestion that it was their duty to do so never came to them—but it is dawning upon me now that they did daily confer as to how they could keep untainted the atmosphere which I breathed. For instance, when a boy was invited to spend a night with me—which invitation was never extended without my mother's knowledge and consent—I remember that he was not permitted to occupy a room with me, but was always sent to one of the guest chambers to sleep instead; and I was allowed to visit in homes only where such rules were observed. The same care was exercised in the case of my sister, Frances, too. You see I am just now studying this all out.

I can see also that the day when I would go away from home to college would be the next most anxious time, and I am inclined to think now that my securing the sort of a roommate I did was not chance at all, but was the result of their very careful planning, for I recall the fact that father always

went with me; that we went considerably in advance of the opening days, and that he was often in consultation with the president and others. They certainly lived up to their convictions of duty, and you may be sure that I shall hasten to speak to them concerning it, and thank them for their foresight and care. How proud and grateful I am that I had such parents!

Now, to answer your letter: The first question is in regard to my business career, I believe. When, at the age of twenty-one, I returned, finally, from college, a post-graduate course at the Texas Industrial University, my father gave me a section of land lying about five miles south of the city of San Antonio. He gave me also enough money to begin its development, but he had no idea what I would do, and made no suggestions, concluding, I suppose, that it would be wiser to let my own individuality assert itself than to try to prejudice me in favor of this or that.

The entire country had been, up to this time, as you know, 1890, a vast cattle range, but I had been studying it from the standpoint of its possibilities as a farming district, and determined at once to try it. I cleared one hundred and sixty acres and began experimenting. Being a college man, I was able to analyze the different soils and to determine what they required in the way of fertilizers to make them bring to perfection any particular kind of vegetable

or fruit. These studies and experiments were continued for three years, and at the expiration of that time, on my third crop, which was diversified, but was mainly of Bermuda onions, netted twenty thousand dollars. This was so much more than my most sanguine hopes had pictured and the work had been so congenial and healthful, that I immediately decided to enlarge my plans and make farming my vocation. As rapidly as it could be cleared, the entire section was brought under cultivation, about half of it being set to Bermuda onions, and the other half, minus the grounds surrounding the home, a grove, a pasture, nearby, and the village in which my assistants live, being devoted to water melons, cantaloupes, celery, tomatoes, cabbages, cucumbers, and such kinds of garden stuff as go into the northern markets in winter. It sounds almost incredible, but the seventh year my farm brought me nearly fifty thousand dollars, and the tenth, I realized sixty thousand. Of course, my force of men is very large, and making provision of their shelter reduced my profits greatly the first years, but I clear now, in round numbers, after paying large salaries to several capable overseers, fully seventy-five thousand dollars annually, the major part of this surplus being devoted to the purchase of more of these rich lands in "The Great Southwest," which I hope to see developed some day by other young men as ambitious as I.

This, briefly, is the "story," up to date, of my business life of fifteen years. I am happy in believing that it will sound attractive to you, inasmuch as you have expressed your appreciation of concentration in business and "have a desire to surround yourself with the refining things of life, as well as to give to others." I am most anxious that you should see my bachelor quarters at the farm, and sincerely wish that your work might bring you this way again. Of course, the "bungalow" is not as large as it would needs be, if "Milady" presided over it, but I think you would say the grounds are lovely in the extreme.

Referring again to "Mrs. Macdonald's access to my bank account," I should like to change the singular possessive pronoun to the plural. You see it would not then be *my* bank account, but *ours*. If "Her Ladyship" preferred, however, she could have a definite sum set aside for her exclusive use, and deposited in her name alone.

Have I recognized all the points of your letter? No, I recall one more, at least, namely that with reference to the inclusiveness of your heart when it would come to the matter of entertaining. Naturally, I will have to admit, that it would be my disposition to want to limit the guests at the home to the educated and the refined, but I realize that that would not be in harmony with the spirit of the Master, whose we are and whom we serve, so I would "meet you" in this, and gladly

Looking forward with unusual interest to the receipt of your next, I am,

Very hopefully yours,

J. ARTHUR MACDONALD.

DENVER, COLORADO.

May 14, 1906.

DEAR MR. MACDONALD:

Thank you so very much for your last letter. I comprehend now why you were not "better informed regarding the moral progress of the world," as you have put it. What an unparallelled amount of work you have done, and what marvelous concentration! As I have said before, of another trait of yours, it is admirable in the extreme. Little wonder you have not been tempted to break pledges, nor debauch your manhood in any way! Such hard work and concentration for fifteen years would keep, morally, for the remainder of life, a young man from state's prison! What would it not do for one whose early environment was so good? Your parents are certainly to be honored for safeguarding your boyhood's life well, and I trust you will make haste to express to them your appreciation of the same. I doubt not that your conjectures regarding the reasons why they did such and such things are correct, and it was a very big step in the right direction.

What do you know of the genealogy of your family? The name "Macdonald," of course, is Scotch.

This is, in large measure, the blood in my veins, though my mother traced one side of her house back to Germany.

The account of your work, and of your boyhood's home life was of such interest to me, and no less appreciatively did I read of your "lecture" that night in your study. How extraordinarily forceful your words; *and your presence,* since you spoke by example, as well as by precept! Was it not Emerson who said: "What you *are* thunders so loudly in my ears that I cannot hear what you *say?*" Mr. Edwin heard what you said, no doubt, but I imagine it was the "what you are" that had such potent influence over him. It is a great thing for a young man to admit that he is no better than the young woman whom he has betrayed. Society receives him just the same, while it forever locks its doors against his consort. The facts are, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is he who is the sinner, and who is a thousand times less worthy of further fellowship by "the four hundred." Young women do not study the arts of deceiving, in these ways, and are not aggressive in sin until after they have been betrayed, and generally more than once.

It is all right that you should have made the comparisons you did in speaking to your friend; that is, in getting him to admit that in the selection of a wife he was entitled to a reformed young woman only, but do you know, I cannot think that young men, or

young women, either, who have lived immoral lives, at any rate who have prostituted their procreative powers to the extent of disease, are entitled to marry, since marriage is, primarily, for offspring. For two who have so wantonly betrayed their trust, to create another life—oh, it is too sacred an office —how dare they step there! Can any one look into the face of a little child and not say: "Refuse all such the power of procreation; of invoking another life—an immortal soul."

There are, generally, exceptions to all rules, however, and if you feel sure than your friend is thoroughly made new; that is that physicians can testify to the fact that his virility has came through the debauch unimpaired, and he honestly desires to lead a new life, I can recommend to him a young woman of unfortunate experiences; a mother, but not a wife. In my work for purity, it has been my happy privilege to save a number of girls from immoral lives, and among them is the one referred to, a girl to whom I am most strongly attached, for her soul is as pure as the air she breathes. No one could hear her life story and know her now and not entirely exonerate her for any sins she may have committed. Not being acquainted with Mr. Somerville, I could form no opinion, of course, as to whether they would be in any way suited to each other, but if you believe that he is worthy of such a young woman, I will open the way for a correspondence between them.

I agree with you that it is just as much the duty of fathers to instruct their sons in sex development, and its significance, as it is mothers' to teach their daughters. I am greatly pleased to note that you find in your heart a desire to do some educational work along this line, and would suggest that you use your money to endow a "Chair of Sex" in one of our leading colleges. Perhaps your *alma mater* would accept it; suppose you try her first, and if the proposition is not sympathetically received, we will investigate the subject further and find one that will.

So "Mrs. Macdonald"—if there is ever to be such a fortunate person—"is to have either her own bank account, or share equally the 'master's'." I have always said I would never marry a man who would not give me "the half of his kingdom," so the promise of an equal division of your large income certainly does "sound attractive" to me, and I believe such honestly earned money would to any woman, for those who do not care for a superabundance to spend upon themselves like to have it to give to philanthropy and missions. While my father makes a good living—he is a physician—there were never any extras for travel and other things of that sort, in the days when I was at home, so it seems wonderful to me to think of having an income each year of tens of thousands of dollars. One of the things that I have always treasured against men is their attitude toward their wives in money matters. Conditions

are improving, but the average woman yet has no purse of her own, neither the privilege of drawing upon the bank account, when, if she has done her part faithfully, she has contributed as much toward creating the husband's wealth as he has himself. In fact, I hold that the wife of a poor man, who raises a family, does more than her share, for no woman should, during the years she is engaged in rearing children, have any other responsibilities, and no other duties save the little, light, congenial tasks related thereto. No words sufficiently appreciative have ever been uttered; nothing half beautiful enough has ever been said of the dear, brave, selfless women—many such can be found, though not in society—who, knowing that they cannot have the care that is due them, nor the necessary help afterward in bearing the burdens, repeatedly, in answer to the call of maternal love, "Go down into the valley of the shadow of death," and my pen is not equal to the eulogy; no, on no subject would it so strangely fail. It is not necessary, however, to impress this upon you. I speak of it only that you may know how much your generosity toward your wife would help to make full her joy.

I have said so much complimentary to your fine business qualities, you may have thought I did not fully see the larger man, but I do rest assured. The fineness of your spirit immeasurably surpasses all else. You reveal this when you speak of the cus-

toms that shall prevail in your house relative to entertaining the "poor, the halt, the lame, and the blind," as well as the educated and refined. Truly, you have grown into a knight of the new chivalry:

"A knight who reverences his conscience as his king;
Whose glory is redressing human wrongs."

I could not longer be in doubt. A beautiful home would be worthless to me unless the "knight" possessed just such a spirit, but, possessing it, I should have my ideal.

Inspired by the contents of your last letter, I have writtten at considerable length again without taking up the subject of my ideal husband. If you will pardon this I will make a special effort to write again to-morrow, and solely along this line.

With admiration, deep and true, for your clean, forceful life,

I am, most sincerely yours,
HELEN ESTELLE DAVENPORT.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.,
May 15, 1906.

DEAR MR. MACDONALD:

I am very fortunately situated this afternoon for talking to you again, and it will give me great pleasure to try to draw the picture of my ideal husband which you have coveted so long; or, rather, write out the tests by which I would study him.

For convenience, and in order to get at the subject as methodically as possible, I will divide it into distinct classifications, or heads.

First, *Christian Character.* This topic is, of course, all inclusive of whatever constitutes, or contributes to, the moral excellence and perfect adornment of the true gentlemen. I would, however, since many Christian young men have no conscience against some things which to me seem immoral, make the term to cover personal purity, the use of intoxicants, tobacco, profanity, slang and a high sense of honor in commercial relations. A young woman should know these things, *and make them absolute,* before she encourages, *in the least degree,* the attentions of any would-be suitor.

Second, *Physical Fitness for Fatherhood.* It seems unjust, perhaps, to frown upon a young man, figuratively speaking, who, because of no fault of his own, has pulmonary or some other incipient disease, but I believe it should be done. Not so quickly, you understand, would I turn a deaf ear to this class as I would to those who had brought on their own affliction through personal impurity or through associations that defile; but I repeat, with emphasis, that even hereditarily diseased types should be rejected.

Third,*Ancestry.* "The sins of the parents shall be visited upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generations."

Is the young woman willing that the traits of the

lover's family shall be transmitted to her children? What kind of men have the young man's forefathers been; what kind of women the mothers? There may not only be imbeciles, but idiots, lunatics and criminals in the relationship; is her mind wholly at ease regarding the reproduction of these? Dare she take any risks? As Dr. Wood-Allen has said: "Concerning the inheritance which she can give, that is fixed; it is beyond her power to alter, but it is her privilege to *choose* her children's paternal ancestry, and no wise young woman will ignore it." A young man has the same privilege, of course. The rules apply equally to either sex.

Fourth, *Temperament;* which I will divide into *Natural Bent* and *Acquired Habits.* The traits classed under the former are of very great importance, since what is hereditary, or constitutional, is practically unalterable. The first illustration that comes to my mind is *indolence.* If a man lacks energy, it simply cannot be educated into him. Under the latter head I would place order, neatness, etc. Insignificant things they might be considered by some, but to a nature well organized and thoroughly master of self, lack of order, or neatness, in a husband could cloud the sky continuously. I have known so small a thing—small from one standpoint—as a difference of opinion regarding whether the world were growing better or worse to create enough fric-

tion to take all the joy and beauty out of the home life.

Young women must learn that in marrying a man they are taking him for just what he is, not for what he is to become. His traits and habits of life are fixed, and rarely is she able to alter them. How many times a young woman, who would have steeled her heart against a suitor that was wedded to his pipe, has married a man of violent temper, for instance, with the perfect belief that she could change him, only to find that her efforts irritated and enraged him.

Fifth, *Business Sense.* I should not demand money, but I should want proof that the man I was to marry had the ability to succeed, beyond mediocrity, in some field of business activity; should expect him to be something of a leader in his chosen work. It may sound very sweet to a young man who has no money, and no ability to make any, to hear his betrothed say,

"I care not for riches, neither silver nor gold,"

but when "the rainy day" comes she is very likely to change her mind.

Sixth, *Social Spirit,* or soul culture. To illustrate: *"My Ideal Husband"* would lift his hat as graciously to a woman whom circumstances compelled to wash for a living *as he would to the President's wife!!*

Now, this concludes the analysis in so far as I, personally, am able to study it out, but many disappointed wives tell me there is a seventh qualification, of great moment to woman, namely: *Does the professed lover know how to love? Woman loves to be loved,* and when every question of morals is answered, it is this that she asks herself, for she knows that a man may possess all the points that go to make up an ideal character, and yet be utterly devoid of the ability to give appreciable expression to his love; to keep alive the heart of his wife. This is evidently the reason why so many good men are rejected; the reason why otherwise excellent husbands are superseded in the wife's affections by some worthless specimen of masculinity, for it is unfortunately true that oftimes those who have naught else to recommend them seem to have studied the art of lovemaking the more. I would not encourage a fawning, patronizing attitude toward the wife—that would engender a contempt which a husband's stoicism even could not foster—but a sincere, genuine and frequent expression of his admiration for and appreciation of her. Of course, I know that some to whom I might thus write would say: "It is woman's duty to keep burning the fire on love's altar," but not so; man is the active spirit, the aggressive one, the lover, while it is woman's jlace to be tenderly responsive to him.

I have wondered oftimes, as I have listened to

some sensitive woman's "tale of woe" regarding these things, whether the average man really can understand and sympathize with a woman; whether he is constituted so that he can comprehend and enter into the things that most concern her, but it cannot be that God intended that there should be anything inharmonious in the fitting of the two halves of the unit. No, it must mean simply that large numbers of men are uneducated in these ways, just as they are uneducated in mathematics or in the etiquette of the drawing-room; that they make no intelligent study of expression in their relations with women, just as they make no intelligent study of tact or of the art of presenting themselves well in their business lives.

There is more I might say, but methinks this will be quite sufficient. I hope you will not think me absurdly particular in attaching so much importance to the little traits, habits and sympathies of life. I have been forced to do it because I have seen so much unhappiness resulting from such apparently trifling things.

In my public life I can be polite to all classes and all kinds of people, not having a particle of race prejudice even in my heart, but when it comes to the close relationships, I am so sensitively organized that I cannot consider real friends those who do not exactly respond to the language of my soul, and in forming a relationship that was to be lifelong—

"Until death do us part"—

I should be just careful enough to allow incompatibility or lack of sympathy in the least matters to cause me to "keep on the even tenor of my way."

On a Santa Fé train, the other day, I sat behind a sixteen-year-old girl who declared to her companion over and over that she never intended to get married because she had seen too much of married life. Don't you know her decision was not the result of the outbreaking lawlessness in a few homes of which she knew, but was undoubtedly because of her knowledge of the large number of half-mated husbands and wives of her acquaintance?

A friend used to tell a story of "a foolish young man" who broke his engagment because he noted that, in paring an apple, his fiancée cut it almost half away; but for my own part I would put a question mark after the adjective. The foolish one was both a student and a philosopher; he was far-sighted, long-headed. It was not that one act that influenced him so greatly, the point was that it was the key to both her character and her mother's training. The natural soil for such cultivation was there, and he was wise enough to see that when both heredity and environment had combined in producing such ideals there was no possibility of her changing, and he doubtless reasoned, and correctly so, that she who

would waste an ounce in her girlhood would waste a pound as a wife.

The writing of this letter has brought to my mind the fact that you and I have never talked of church relationships; but one of the first things I learned of you while I was in San Antonio was that you were a most consistent, loyal, and devoted member of the Presbyterian church, and as I was a Disciple, and believed in Christian union, it did not seem necessary to spend any time in discussing this point.

Indeed, Mr. Macdonald, it does not seem to me necessary to discuss with you any of the points in this study, except those classed under the heads of "Temperament," and possibly—what shall I call the last?—the "art of love-making." I have done so only because you insisted upon it, for I was fully convinced, even before our correspondence began, that you would stand the severest moral tests to which you could be subjected. Had it not been so you would certainly never have known me, except as a public advocate of "the woman's cause."

This estimate of your character I received of course from my San Antonio host and hostess, Professor and Madam la Rose, than whom no one could have higher ideals. I reasoned that, if they, who knew you well, and with their exalted standards, could say such good things of you, you were certainly worthy of any young woman's friendship at least.

And let me assure you that Christian character such as the La Rose's said you possessed is more beautiful in my eyes than any one's genius has yet pictured. It would be entirely impossible for me to give you even a faint idea of my admiration for it. As well attempt to describe the perfume of the violet or mignonette. So, there remains for us only a study of temperaments, and for you to reveal to me *the lover who knows how to love!*

Believing that you will be able to do this, I am

Yours for the ideal in everything,

HELEN ESTELLE DAVENPORT.

"CAMERON COURT,"
SAN ANTONIO,
May 20, 1906.

MY DEAR MISS DAVENPORT:

Knowing my appreciation of your philosophy in the past, I scarcely need tell you that I have thought of nothing save that contained in your last letter since the very moment it arrived. I think I understand it fully, too, but whether the ability to comprehend your meaning proves me a connoisseur in the art of which you write, or even of being a student capable of learning, is something I cannot wholly divine, and regarding which I shall not be able to satisfy you until we have had days, and possibly weeks, together.

So I am doubly glad that the time draws near

when we may meet. Could you not have the time of your furlough extended and organize a house party, a European tour, or something of that sort? I am not brave when it comes to enduring suspense in so important a matter, and now that I have pictured to myself a beautiful home presided over by a beautiful woman, who appeals to and quickens all my finer sensibilities, I cannot rest until I know whether I may build it or whether the sweet dream must vanish in air; cannot be satisfied until we have had opportunity to fully determine all these smaller (?) things. You will know what you can and what you cannot do, of course, but I wish we might have a few weeks abroad. You could draw upon me for the funds, you know.

Regarding the genealogy of my family, we have a complete tree, I believe, of the Macdonald's, and one also of my mother's house. I am pure Scotch on both sides, though American born, and thoroughly Americanized. This you will concede gives me about as good blood as can be found, and gives the additional advantages of an American training and business opportunity.

I might add that the Macdonald's are related to the nobility of Scotland, but I would place no stress upon this, for I know, in our country, there is no nobility save the nobility of character, and there should be none other anywhere. So quiet are my parents, the fact of this relationship has never been

mentioned here, and is really unknown to any one in San Antonio. So far as I am informed, there are no insane, idiots, or criminals, in my family.

As to your family, I could not indifferently say, as a lover of the olden times would chivalrously (?) do, that I do not care, for I, too, have a responsibility to my children; but when I recall your classical features, and the beauty of your form and speech, I know that there must be behind you many generations of goodness and grace. You will tell me all that you, yourself, would wish to know, and I will await your time.

I scarcely know what to say regarding the health and sincerity, business and honor of Edwin Somerville. I believe he truly wants to lead a new life, but whether he has the power to do so, I cannot say. The first thing evil practices of any sort do is to weaken the will, you know. As I have said before, it was during our high-school days that we were friends, and it was after I went to college that he formed evil associations, so I cannot measure the strength of their influence over him. I will try to find out further concerning it and let you know.

You are right, I think, as you always are in such matters, when you say reformed men and women should be denied parenthood. My education being more superficial along these lines, I cannot go at once to the depths of things when a subject is presented to me, but since I do not have to *re*form,

simply *form,* my opinions, you will class me with "the elect," I am sure. What proportion of young men do you suppose have the vain regrets of Edwin Somerville?

I am greatly pleased with your suggestion that the money I should like to devote to the saving of boys from personal vice be used to endow "a chair of sex" in some of our universities. I am not sure that Princeton would accept it, but I am confident that some of our colleges would, and I will begin investigations as soon as I can look into the subject.

What a variety of experiences you must have in your travels! It is an education which one cannot get in any other way, isn't it. The announcement of the sixteen-year-old girl of whom you write is pathetic in the extreme, since it discloses so much of infelicity in married life. Doubtless she has seen enough to discourage her and, perchance, a part of it in her own home. If this is so, and she ever changes her mind, she will make a better wife than a girl who had not taken such serious note of it, but as a rule, it undoubtedly would be better, and safer, for young people to marry into families where the father and mother remained sweethearts through life.

Concerning the lover who broke his engagement on discovering the improvident habits of his fiancée; he did exactly right, though I dare say he was con-

demned by many, if the circumstances were known, and in language loud and strong. His love was sane. There never was a more false impression ever gained credence than the old saying that "Love is blind." He saved himself a lifetime of worry and disappointment and saved her—well, she was not capable, so much does a little thing reveal, of making him, or any other ambitious young man happy, so she simply fell back to her place. When one has a good start in life, the extravagant habits of a wife do not impoverish the husband by any means, but, nevertheless, it would be an annoying, disappointing discovery, because of what it would disclose of character in other ways. Do you understand me? I do not believe it possible that you could have such a trait, for it has other manifestations which I have had opportunity to note and have not found, but if I should discover it, my appreciation of you would correspondingly decrease. I cannot bear waste in any form; my whole nature is opposed to it.

There are so many excellent points in your last two letters—points that make, not only the thought, but the sympathies expand—and nothing finer than what you classed under the head of "soul culture." How ennobling the contemplation of the heart of the man, considering existing conditions in society, "who lifts his hat as graciously to a washwoman as he would to the President's wife!" It must pecu-

liarly beautify the life of any one who sees, comprehends and emulates his example.

I am in an indescribably strange and appreciative mood to-night, Miss Davenport. If all the desires of my life were united in one supreme plea, they could not equal my longing to see you and learn my "fate." Hope whispers that "all is well"; that I shall be able to prove myself the lover; that there is harmony in even the little traits and habits of life; but I cannot be content with hope, *I must see you and know beyond the shadow of a doubt.*

Trusting that, in your next letter, you will see your way clear to set the exact time when I may visit you,

I am very anxiously, but truly, yours,

J. ARTHUR MACDONALD.

SALT LAKE CITY. UTAH,
May 27, 1906.

DEAR MR. MACDONALD:

I cannot be indifferent to the expressed anxiety in your last letters relative to our next meeting, and am now happy to announce that I will see you at the home of my aunt, in Paris, Illinois, one week from next Wednesday, June 6. And I frankly confess that I, also, look forward to this visit with a quickening sense of appreciation of you, and of the possible new relationship.

It does seem as though there is harmony in our

souls' language; whether a perfect harmony we shall not be able to determine until we meet again; but somehow I do not much fear the little antagonisms, for you have *bona fide* culture, and *bona fide* culture puts everything petty under its feet. And I, while my early environment was not as good as yours, nor the provision for my college education, extended travel, and contact with the world, has, in large measure, at least, pruned my spirit and given me more than ordinary self control.

I can certainly find no flaw in what you tell me of your ancestry, and am thankful that all possible barriers to our union in this important matter are removed—or rather that none ever did exist. Especially am I pleased to have you emphasize the fact that you are an American. I have been in the homes of some exceptionally lovely Scotch and English gentlemen, but there are few husbands like our best American husbands—*don't forget that.*

The fact that your people are related to the nobility of Scotland has no interest whatever for me. If you were Lord Macdonald—and you are more, for you are "a prince of the true blood"—and sought my hand in marriage, I would turn you away as quickly, if I discovered any vicious traits or practices, as though you were His Lordship's valet or French chef. I trust this does not sound discourteous to you. I am half ashamed that I have spoken so positively, but I have been so chagrined at the

way some of our American girls have sold themselves for titles that I cannot speak calmly of the matter at all. I have the full assurance, however, that you will understand me, for you, yourself, have declared that "there is no nobility save the nobility of character," with which sentiment I exactly agree.

Concerning my own ancestry, no one of my people has ever taken the trouble to trace and prepare a family tree, but I know that I am of English, Scotch-Irish, and German descent; that my forefathers came to this country because of their liberal views in religious matters, and that, for generations, they have been professional men, educators, clergymen, doctors, lawyers, etc. I know, too, that they have always stood for civic reform; for reform in fact in both church and state. My father, for a long time, was the only prohibitionist in Paris, but, although he was terribly boycotted in consequence, it did not affect his devotion to principle at all. The Davenport's have never been rich, but perhaps have possessed more than ordinary culture. Father tells me I need have no fear of transmitting insanity, idiocy, or criminality, so you, too, can rest secure on that point.

I told you the apple paring story only to draw you out and to convince you that apparently small things could mean a great deal. I feared you might think me too particular altogether when I insisted upon placing so much stress on little habits and

differences of opinion. It is strange, but probably no discussion could have been brought forward that would have appealed so similarly to our senses, for wastefulness causes me actual pain. If I were the wife of the richest man in the world, not so much as a piece of bread should be thrown away with my consent.

What proportion of young men do I think are too self-respecting to debauch their manhood? In my early girlhood I had my opinion of the habits of the young men of my acquaintance, and I dare say I could make a fairly good guess, but the proportion is so small, I scarcely dare allow myself to think of it. Possibly one in ten. I feel sure I am placing the estimate high. At any rate some people would have made me believe in those days that there was not a single clean one among them. On several occasions, I recall that I was laughed at because I expressed the belief that certain young men friends had never visited "the scarlet house." If I thought them all immoral I should certainly have given up my work in despair long ago. But I do not. There are young men as pure in thought and deed as their sisters or mothers.

Now, regarding a house party, or European tour —I like the idea very much, but I think I could command sufficient time for the former only. I will speak to my Aunt Emily concerning it, and if we cannot arrange it before you come, we will after-

ward. I have asked for a furlough of two weeks. A very short time, to be sure, but we can determine some things in "a fortnight," as the English say. I am looking forward to it with great pleasure and in great hopes that we may not disappoint each other.

I do have many amusing experiences. Only a few days ago, I had a most ludicrous one at Independence, Kansas, and one over which I shall always feel humiliated, but before I tell you that it will be necessary to tell you another and one that you may not enjoy so much. I had been working in the Territory a few days before, where I had got into trouble with some members of a disreputable class of commercial travelers, because I attempted to protect a young, unsophisticated girl, whose ruin I heard them plotting. When they found themselves defeated, they turned on me, and it was astonishing how much they knew of my work. I thought few people failed to understand the significance of the little badge I wear, but their review of our principles was a revelation to me. They did not intend it so, but it really was very complimentary, too.

When I left the train at Atoka, the Territory, they left it also, which was not in accordance with their previously arranged plans, I feel sure, and I knew then that in all probability there was trouble ahead for me. What do you suppose they did? They took the ticket agent to one side, and after learning

from him what they suspected, that I was there to lecture that night, they insinuated that I was not the person I represented myself to be; that they had been traveling with me all the morning and were fully convinced that I was a fraud. I had never been in the place before, and there was no society whose members could identify me; so things were in a bad shape for a time, and I suppose the good women were greatly distressed to know what to do; whether to recall the meeting or go ahead. (All this time I was ignorant of what was really going on, though I felt the chill in the atmosphere, so sensitive am I to strained relations—and was most suspicious of the cause.) Late in the day—I presume I must have impressed them with the honesty of my purposes—it occurred to some of them that it was perfectly absurd that they should accept the testimony of this class of men (one was traveling for a liquor house and the other for cigars) against one who gave no proof of being of their school; and they rallied to my support, and I have an idea we had a much larger meeting than we would otherwise have had, so fully were the people's sympathies aroused, and I left a union of the very best young women, who were determined to do their part toward preventing another one of their traveling representatives having a similar experience.

Well, I was so tried and disgusted over the whole affair that I resolved never to speak to another man

aboard train; that they were all bad. (A very foolish resolution, I know, but you can possibly find some excuses for me.) It was this resolve that caused me to make such a ludicrous mistake. At a junction to the east of Independence—I cannot recall the name—I changed cars and had a considerable wait. For a time I was the only occupant of the depot, but later a train arrived from another direction, and a gentleman got off and came in. I was reading at the time and took no notice of him, but I was soon conscious that he was anxious to engage me in conversation. Presently he said. "Did you come from the Territory?" Without looking up, and in anything but a polite manner, I answered, "Yes, sir." A pause, and then, "Are you going to Independence?" In a more ugly spirit, if possible, and still without looking up, "Yes, sir." He did not trouble me again until we went aboard the train. Then, to my displeasure, he came and took a seat just behind me—all this time I had not looked into his face—and once more tried to engage me in conversation. "I see you wear a temperance badge," he said. Just here I recalled the troubles that same badge had drawn me into a few days before—though I assure you the beautiful things that come my way because of it far outnumber the bad—and I decided not to reply to him again. He ventured one or two more remarks and then finally settled back in his seat, and began also to read. When we reached

Independence, I noticed that he, too, alighted, and a half query came to my mind regarding his identity; but a number of the ladies of the society were at the depot to meet me, and in the courtesies that must be exchanged, I forgot all about him. He did not come to my mind again until we reached the place where the meeting was to be held, the Congregational Church. Then as soon as my hostess and I entered the door of the church I saw a gentleman coming down from the pulpit to greet us. There was a peculiar smile on his face, and somehow the blood began to suffuse my cheeks. When we came together my hostess said, "Miss Davenport, allow me to present the pastor of the church, Dr. Snowden Burdette, who is to preside to-night." Can you guess the remainder? It was he, it was my fellow passenger! He knew who I was, or felt quite sure that he did, and since the meeting was to be in his church, and he was practically to have charge of it, he thought he would like to know what suggestions I had to make as to its conduct. I was so embarrassed, but he was very kind, and I soon gained sufficient self-possession to tell him my story and secure his pardon. How he did laugh at me, though! The resolution I made this time was that I would at least look into a man's face before I treated him as a scoundrel. I flatter myself that I can often tell good from evil spirits. I have made such a study of faces and the atmosphere people carry about them

that I believe I can even tell the occupations of three-fourths of those whom I see while traveling. Did you ever try this?

But I must close and get ready for my train. What strange feelings one has in the Mormon City! Cold chills creep over me, when I look at the residences—I cannot call them homes—that have as many front doors as there were wives. Do you not feel the temperature lowering, even at so great a distance? I have been delightfully entertained, but I shall be glad to get away into a different atmosphere. How incomprehensible that the polygamous practices of these people should have been tolerated, without protest, so long! There are few things that menace society more. During the last few days I have been much depressed in spirit, but perhaps this is just to prepare me for the full enjoyment of the days of your visit, since contrasts can emphasize the good as well as the bad.

With visions of those days ever uppermost in my mind,

I am most truly yours,

HELEN E. DAVENPORT.

"LA PLANTA FARM,"
June 1, 1906.

MY DEAR MISS DAVENPORT:

Yours of the 27th ultimo made me about as happy as a man could possibly be, under the circumstances,

and I hasten to say that I will leave San Antonio on "The Katy-Flyer," Monday next, at 8 p. m. If my train is on time, I will be able to catch "The Knickerbocker Special," at St. Louis on Wednesday, reaching Paris at 3:58 in the afternoon. Should anything occur to cause delay, I will telegraph you at once.

Since I am to see you so soon I shall not attempt a reply to your letter, but I must tell you how distressed I was over the recital of your experiences in the Territory.

I do not wonder that you were disgusted, and felt for a time half inclined to believe all men bad! If it were not for your fine, discriminating sense, I should expect to lose your respect myself. Few things are more mortifying to a real man, I assure you, than an exhibition such as you outlined. The "Mormon Menace" certainly is a menace, and every thought of the cupidity that is practiced upon the women of that church has a chilling effect, but whether polygamy, in Utah, is worse, after all, than the polygamous practices of the type of men whom you encountered in the Territory it is difficult to determine. The former is worse from this standpoint, of course; it exists by sanction of the church.

I will not, for reasons already given, write more to-day, except to say that Edwin Somerville is much pleased with your suggestion relative to the correspondence between himself and the young woman

of whom you wrote. I have been investigating his life, as well as I could, and think his chances for reformation are much better than the average, at least. How I wish that he, and all like him, might begin life anew!

With a prayer for this class of young people and one also for the consummation of our hopes at our approaching meeting,

I am ever faithfully yours,
J. Arthur Macdonald.

"Cameron Court,"
San Antonio,
June 2, 1906.

My Dear Miss Davenport.

I came in last night for a little visit with the *pater* and *mater familias* before leaving for the north, and for the first time—because I did not believe earlier that our friendship justified it—I have talked to them of you and of our hopes. They did not see you when you were here, but the young niece of whom I have before spoken, my own dear Margaret Lee, was "carried away" with you, to use a girl's expression, and has, in consequence, interested them greatly in you. I doubt, indeed, if you could have had a more sympathetic interpreter than she. Without any further effort I believe you would have a free passport to their good favor, and I long to present you to them as my prospective wife.

How appreciation of one's parents increases as he himself contemplates establishing a home! and especially when he thinks of his own possible fatherhood. I always loved my father and mother, and felt that they were superior, but they never seemed half so beautiful to me as they did last night while we talked of you and of our future plans. You would love them truly. I should have no misgivings in bringing you all together; no, none in the least, and if I may only do this, my life will surely be complete.

In eager anticipations of Wednesday, and with unbounded hope in my heart, I am,

Most truly yours,

J. ARTHUR MACDONALD.

"THE MENGER,"
SAN ANTONIO,
June 21, 1906.

MY DEAR HELEN:

If you could know how rapidly my pulses beat as I write your beautiful name—the name that has always been my favorite and now becomes the dearest one on earth—and realize that I have your permission, you would understand the measure of my joy to-night, and know how sweet and sacred are my memories of those blessed days together. Many times before I have longed to so address you, but, of course, I had no right, and I could not ask you

ARTHUR

to give me the privilege until we had opportunity to understand each other thoroughly.

And do you not know that I love you a thousand times more than I could, possibly, had our courtship been of the usual sort? There are no questionings now, nothing to wonder about, no mysteries unexplained. Advocates of the old school would say, I suppose, that we had robbed ourselves of courtship's rarest pleasures, but it is they who are deceived and not we. As you have well said: *If love is not built on a foundation that has for its corner stone respect, the respect that is born of a knowledge of each other's traits, principles, and habits of life, it is not built at all, for the mysterious something that has been the so-called charm, must be explained sometime, and when it is, the golden bowl is liable to be broken.* Let me tell you again how superior women of your school now seem to me. I not only find my interest in those of the old type decreasing, but my respect actually waning. A young woman who is doing nothing but dress to catch a beau (please pardon such a commonplace expression), who has no other purpose in life, yet who has false conceptions only of the meaning of their united (?) lives when she catches him, is almost contemptible in my eyes. If this is taking too radical a view I must try to modify it, but that is the way I am feeling now.

But I must go to tell the dear family of my happi-

ness. I reached San Antonio at 8 o'clock this morning, stopping over at a hotel to write you before going out. Remember me to your gracious Aunt Emily and Cousin Louise; to Miss Montgomery and Messrs. Colgate and Waite, of the house party, and very especially remember me to your dear father, Dr. Davenport. You were a good daughter to secure his approval of me before making me any promises. I was very much drawn to him, and do not wonder that your separation from him has been such a grief.

I shall so very anxiously await your decision, my dear Helen, regarding the visit to my parents. As I have said before, I know they will love you—and for your own sake as well as for mine—whether you meet soon or late, but I want the acquaintance to begin as early as possible. Do not deny me the pleasure of introducing you at the earliest possible moment, and be sure to bring your father with you. Families that contemplate uniting, should know much of each other in advance.

And now good night, my dear Helen, and may your happiness be as great as that of your admiring

ARTHUR.

"RELACHE COTTAGE,"
PARIS, ILLINOIS,
June 24, 1906.

MY DEAR ARTHUR:

Your telegram came duly and your letter by to-

day's post. How eagerly it was opened and read! I had often longed to hear you call me Helen, but I do not believe in even the slightest familiarities before people are engaged. To be sure, in our case, it could not have meant much one way or another, when we were so far apart, but as a rule, the use of Christian names is apt to be a step toward larger privileges, and larger privileges may mean ruin and despair to a girl. "Arthur" is dear to me, too, because it was the name of a favorite cousin who died in the prime of young manhood.

I scarcely need tell you that the atmosphere created by your presence here was most wholesome, and that memories continue a delight. Every one whom you met formed a favorable opinion of you (as though they could have done otherwise) and Cousin Louise and Miss Montgomery say they envy me very much. How fortunate I am they only half know! I am certainly the happiest of young women, and my happiness is based on knowledge and not on hopes.

Referring to my being a good daughter because I sent you to my father, no matter how much I was in love with a young man, I could never promise to become his wife unless my father approved. Women are supposed to read men intuitively—and I believe they can, where they are reading for another and not for themselves—but I prefer a man's opinion of a man, and especially do I rely on my father's

judgment. It was no surprise to me that he said: "Of all the young men whom I have ever seen I would choose him for a son," but I wanted to hear him say it.

Speaking of the intuitions of women in the matter of divining men's character and motives, I once wrote the editor of a leading magazine, who had published a strong purity article in which he used the expression: "Often a woman finds herself in the embrace of a human gorilla, when she had expected to find a kingly souled man, who would respect her wishes in the matter of maternity," and I asked him how girls could tell a "kingly souled man" from "a human gorilla." His reply was: "If a young woman would study her lover as she would, were he the lover of her best girl friend, she could scarcely make a mistake." Another: "If young women can discover, through a brother, or some other male relative—which they can easily do if they are sufficiently adroit—what young men talk about when in the company of young men only, and whether they tell, or laugh at, impure stories, they can form a pretty correct idea." Both of these I have often felt were excellent tests. Do you not think so?

Now, as to the talked-of visit: I think it is most important that I make it, and I am very desirous of doing so, but I cannot tell, until I hear from headquarters, whether they will give me the time.

I will find out at the earliest possible day and let you know. In the meantime believe that every query in my mind was answered, satisfactorily, during our two weeks together.

I am fully convinced that your private life has been clean, and as for your business record, I know that, too, is unquestioned. I honor you, I love you, I look forward with great happiness to the day I shall be your wife. Believe me,

Affectionately yours,

HELEN.

"LA PLANTA FARM,"

June 29, 1906.

MY DEAR HELEN:

If I had needed any further proof of your admiration for and belief in me, your last dear letter would have allayed all fears. Of course I am delighted to know that your young home friends formed a favorable opinion of me, but it is your confidence and your father's that pleases me most. You must see more of your father, my dear, when you have a home to which to invite him. And of your stepmother too. Now that all barriers to your friendship are to be removed, perhaps a perfect reconciliation can be effected. I am sure you would be glad to have it so, for your father's sake. What an unhappy day it must be for a man when he finds he must choose between his wife and such a charming

daughter as yourself! It may be—it *is*, I think—all right for a man to marry a second time, under certain conditions, but for him to make a choice without considering his children, and their best care, is unpardonable to my mind.

I dare say your father was not like the average widower, and that he conscientiously tried to give you a sympathetic new mother, but the abominable false ideals of society prevented truth and candor entering into the compact, and so he was disappointed and deceived. The popular belief that marriage must be a lottery; that it is the privilege of both parties to deceive as much as they can; that

"All things are fair in love and war,"

wrecks thousands of lives every day. As you know, I have had for years so little interest in society and society people—in fact really never did have any interest in them—but I did not understand why, exactly, until you showed me. Now I know it is because of its falseness and impurities, its deceptions and crimes. If you had not rescued me, what a cynical celibate I should have become! Twenty years from now I should certainly have been living the life of a hermit, but better that than a part of the present society regime; yes, a thousand times better than that!

But—my dear Helen, I am not writing what I started out to say. The one purpose of this letter is to urge you to close your contract with the Suf-

frage Society at once and cancel all your engagements. Do you not owe this to yourself, to me and to the vow you will take? You have half promised to be my wife as early as October, and it is now June 29th. I do not want to be too insistent, if my judgment is not in accord with yours, but you surely do need quiet and rest, if nothing more, and even if you decide that it is best to postpone our marriage until June of next year, you really should leave your intense, exciting life, now, and begin to build up muscle and nerves. When you look at it from this standpoint, I am sure you will see that I am right. I can understand something of why the average maiden whose life has been as full as yours should be a little loth to make a change, but you do not come, my dear Helen, to the narrow, circumscribed life that most women do. In many respects life for you will mean larger opportunity and larger achievement. If I had not believed this I could not have asked you to be my wife. I fully sympathize with you, dear, in your desire to do good in a large way, and want to help you to lay broad plans; but is it not possible that you could command as large audience with your pen as with your voice? That is the way I should like to see you work and so save yourself the long, tiresome journeys, exciting meetings, and irregular living in every way that is so hard on digestion and nerve force.

I am in a mood for writing to-night, and could

go on and on, but there are a good many things to be looked after at "La Planta Farm" on the morrow, so perhaps I would better close and make out my schedule for that.

Not alone because I have asked it, my dear Helen, but because of your own good sense, I fully expect that you will have an early settlement with the Society, and that you will visit my people next month. I have a double purpose in desiring you to do this; I not only want them to know you, and you them, but I want you to see the bungalow, at the farm. It will be necessary to enlarge it considerably before it is adequate for even your temporary abode, and I want you to architect the plans.

On re-reading your letter I find that you have written some interesting things to which I have not referred. It all serves to show how tireless you have been in your efforts to read signs, and ferret out things that to others remain enigmas. The reasoning of the editor to whom you wrote was certainly correct. Sometime, you must send those tests out to all girls, along with others of your own. We will talk these points over more fully "some glad day."

Hoping to hear from you at once, and favorably, I am, my dear Helen,

Yours ever lovingly,

ARTHUR.

MADISON, WIS.,
July 5, 1906.

MY BELOVED ARTHUR:

Your letter touched a responsive chord in my heart, and I wrote immediately to headquarters to say that I had decided to leave the lecture field at once for the larger field of the home. There has not yet been time for a reply, but, of course, they can do nothing but excuse me. This is the time when lecture bureaus, school boards, missionary societies, and other organizations, do not try to dissuade you from carrying out your plans. I shall, however, be obliged to fill the engagements so far as definitely made, which cover a period of the next ten days—seven only from the day this reaches you. At the expiration of that time, I promise to hasten to San Antonio, and, if it is possible for father to leave his practice—there is always a good deal of sickness here in the summer season, you know—I will persuade him to accompany me. If he cannot get away, with your permission, I will bring my Cousin Louise.

I am not loth, my dear Arthur, to leave my present work. The new life appeals to me, too, as being larger in opportunity, and richer in quality of service, to say nothing of my love for you, and the joys of your companionship, and I shall have no regrets in making the change. If I have seemed a little inclined to favor a postponement of our nuptials, it is only because I imagine the engagement period must be so

sweet; must be similar to the pleasure of a girl friend of mine who told me once she often carried my letters in her pocket unopened for days, just because she enjoyed the anticipated joy. See?

But a cab is at the door waiting to take me to the train for my next appointment, and I must hastily say good-by; that is "God be with you." With beautiful memories of you always, and beautiful thoughts of our life together, I remain,

Your loving

HELEN.

"CAMERON COURT,"
SAN ANTONIO,
July 13, 1906.

DEAREST HELEN:

When I look at the subject calmly, I realize that you must fill your present engagements; that it is the only honorable thing to do, but I rejoice to know that my plea was so sympathetically received, and that you have issued your decree to the Organization. I am most happy, too, in your promised visit, as is also my father and mother. By all means, bring your Cousin Louise, whether your father comes or not. I am particularly anxious that your father should come, but a trio of you would make a more merry party, and I trust we may have the pleasure of welcoming the three.

It is yours to decide, of course, whether we shall be married in October, or not until the June later;

but, dearest Helen, why wait? You are fully satisfied, you say, that our ideals are the same; that all things combine, in fact, to produce the full trinity of love; why postpone the great day? Life is short, and I shall mourn for every hour I spend out of your society. If you feel that your health could be improved and you would wait to build it up because of the sweet hopes that are yours in motherhood, why I could not further urge you, but if you are as strong as you appear to be, and merely need rest and change, it seems to me we should not wait beyond the autumn time. Tell me that this, too, finds "a responsive chord" in your heart.

I would not have believed that any one could be so essential to my happiness as the last two weeks have proved that you are. My days are a continuous dream of you as well as my nights, and I am only half capable of either business or study. You see how serious the matter is becoming and that the possible cynical bachelor has developed into a lover ardent and bold.

Come, say the word, dearest Helen, and relieve the suspense of

Your anxious, but faithful

ARTHUR.

I shall not expect another letter before you leave for San Antonio. Just telegraph me the hour of your departure, and I will look up the time of the arrival of your train.

ON BOARD "THE AMERICAN SPECIAL,"
July 24, 1906.

"MY OWN TRUE LOVER":

Every hour, as this fast-flying palace carries me farther from you, my appreciation is increased! It is a good test, too, this longing for each other's society. Somebody told me once never to marry a man unless I felt when absent from him that life was incomplete; was scacely worth the living; that a man's presence was deceptive, and love for him then was never to be accepted as sufficient proof. The law controlling this is, I think, related to hypnotism. I can understand how a strong physical attraction might have in it a suggestion of mesmeric power, and when the lover (?) was out of "Milady's" presence, the "magnet" would not draw. If this is true, it is easy to see why he is not the man to marry. The person who gave me this advice made no explanation, but this is the explanation reasoning gave me. Many a young woman's honor might have been saved had she known this law and applied the tests.

To-day is the first opportunity father, Cousin Louise and I have had to talk over our visit, and I did not know until now how greatly each was pleased. Father says I "have won the prize"—notice, not *a*, but *the*—and my Cousin Louise—well, she cannot say nice enough things about you, so completely have you made friends with her.

And how could they help being pleased? The

quiet, refined atmosphere of your home life, and the deference paid the parents by the son, would win any one who was not devoid of a capacity for comprehending it. How delighted I was when your father put his arms around me at parting and kissed me two or three times! Your dear, and more demonstrative mother, had said and done many things to make me feel that she was gratified over your choice, but your father is so quiet, I had hardly known, until then, whether he approved. That one act was sufficient, however, and I am happy in believing that we shall understand and love each other devotedly. Did you not have some difficulty in convincing them that I would make as good a wife as though I had never left the shelter of the home? You have already explained to me, though, haven't you, that the lovely Margaret had broken down all prejudices and interested them in me long before they had thought of me as your wife. I was so drawn to this young niece. You have been entirely too modest about her; her mother, too, Mrs. Linton-Moore, and all that pertains to your family and home. I think you had not told me that the brother-in-law was dead, and that your sister had been living at home for years as loyal to his memory as though he had gone but yesterday. Such devotion is as admirable as it is rare. But why should a young mother, who has such a daughter to love and plan for, care for another marriage?

I am letting my pen run away with itself in my enthusiasm for your people, but since one marries a whole family, and not a single member of it, you will surely be gratified that I am so well pleased. This fact, the fact that in marriage one unites herself to a whole family, was brought forcibly to my mind by the mother of one of my girl friends. When Christine announced her desire to marry a certain young man, whose family was indolent and improvident, her mother said: "Remember, daughter, you are not only marrying Gordon Lamar, but the whole Lamar family." To this Christine protested that she was not; that she was simply marrying Gordon, but the mother insisted, and the daughter found, to her sorrow, in after years, that it was only too true.

I asked father to-day what he thought of my physical condition, and of our marriage in late October, explaining that in view of possible motherhood, I did not wish to set the day until I was sure that I was in every way fitted for it. He asked me many questions and made as thorough a diagnosis as he could, apart from his office, after which he said he felt quite sure my health was normal; at any rate, that I had no organic disease at all—merely a very bad case of sympathetic heart trouble—wasn't it clever of him? —and that all I would need would be a few weeks of rest and change. When we get to Paris he will examine me again, and then I will let you know, definitely, my decision.

I thought only to write you a brief note, expressing our satisfaction in our visit, and here my letter has lengthened again until I have written a chapter of a book! Will we ever be able to talk out all we want to say, I wonder? Father says we talk so continuously when we are together we remind him of two girls. Do you not consider that another compliment? I should. I told a young man once that I talked to him just as I would if he were a girl, and I never felt quite sure that he was able to correctly interpret the speech, but I certainly meant it as a compliment. Only an exceptionally pure minded young man could ever draw me out to talk to him as I would to girls, for I should be sure that every word I uttered—were I talking to the other sort—would not only be misconstrued, but repeated and made capital of in the presence of other young men of his ilk.

Yes, my dear Arthur, my father has paid you a very fine compliment. It is no evidence whatever that a young man is effeminate, or that his virility is deficient in any sense, when girls treat him as though he were one of them; but it is proof positive, on the other hand, that his life has been clean in both thought and deed, and that young women have intuitively recognized it. Write this down in your "nature studies" and tell other young men the truth. There is a weak young man of the namby-pamby type, but young women do not care to talk to him at all.

Father and Cousin Louise have retired to their berths, and I must say good night, and go, too. This letter I'll post in the morning, at St. Louis.

With more joy in my heart than I can express, believe me,

Your own loving
HELEN.

"RELACHE COTTAGE,
PARIS, ILLINOIS,
July 25, 1906.

DEAREST ARTHUR:

We reached home at noon to-day, which gave opportunity for the further examination of which I wrote yesterday, and I hasten to tell you that happily father's previously expressed opinions regarding my health are confirmed.

Of course, I have been thinking a great deal about an October wedding since I left you, and after turning the plans all over in my mind, and determining the amount of time that would be required to bring everything to pass, I have concluded to say to you that it is my wish that it should be, and I name Wednesday, October 31st—the anniversary of our meeting—as the day.

Father says, however, that I must have a carefree outing, and suggests that as many members of the two families as can get away spend the month of August at The Lakes in some little frequented

place. What do you think? Do you not need this really almost as much as I? Your sister and niece, at least, could accompany you, could they not? My Aunt Emily would chaperon the party, and we could fill the days to overflowing with pleasures that would neither tire nor tax us in any way.

Now, what kind of a wedding shall we have? My relatives here favor a large church wedding, but my mind inclines rather to a perfectly quiet one, though even then I should want it at the altar of the sanctuary, too. Please express a preference, if you have any.

While I am waiting to hear from you, I will completely organize my mind in the matter of my gowns. A New York tailor has done my work for several years, and I think I cannot do better than to engage him now, and this I will do at once, securing a part of his September or early October time. I do not want many gowns, and I prefer that what I do have should be simple; that is not elaborately trimmed. I never have but two or three gowns at a time any more, and I find it so much more satisfactory than to fill one's wardrobe with half-worn garments. I have known young women who had eighteen or twenty gowns in a season, to dress half a dozen times when preparing for some social function, and then be dissatisfied and half wish they had worn something else, while I, with one reception gown only, was perfectly comfortable, content, and self-possessed. I

like good materials, however, and good tailoring. My soul abhors cheap, tawdry things, and you will not find me an inexpensive wife, after all.

Something beautiful in white would be the most appropriate for the wedding gown, I think, no matter what kind of a wedding we have, and a brown cloth for traveling. Have you any suggestions to make? Nothing but the conventional black would be suitable for you, of course, on this occasion, but do you know, I have wished so much that gentlemen would wear a little touch of color for evening parties? In India, my brother says, English gentlemen wear nothing but white the year around, but of evenings they add a scarlet sash, called a *cummerbund,* and that you cannot imagine how peculiarly pleasing it is. The coat worn with it is short, coming scarcely to the waist line, and this touch of color peeping out, is just the thing. Then the colored waistcoats of our great-grandfathers! How handsome they must have been in those! I wish some society of young men were brave enough to start these customs again. Why, I am so old-fashioned, in some respects, I would even like to see knee breeches come back! Think of that! I hope you will not be disgusted with me quite. I do not speak of it now because I want to see something of the sort in your October purchases, but I mean I would like to see them adopted by society in general again and I hope they may be some day.

I wonder if you have had any difficulty in getting a reliable contractor for the house? You could not join us at The Lakes, of course, until you did, and until you were satisfied that all the plans would be carried out. I almost wish I had not consented to the improvements, and I shall regret it yet if it prevents you joining us here.

Perhaps I may want a city home some day, but I cannot tell you with what pleasure I look forward to the quiet life out at "La Planta Farm" just now. I did not know how weary I was of travel until after the opportunity came to make the change, and I had fully decided upon doing it. There is no comparison to my mind between life in such a beautiful, secluded spot—for me, at this time—and the busy, noisy city.

Taking up a subject of a former letter of yours; my step-mother invited me home to-day, and I suppose we shall, as you hoped, bury the past, and be friends. I certainly will do my part, for I am so happy I have no desire to hold ill-will against any one, and from all appearances she is anxious to forgive and forget, too.

But how much I am writing again! With my mind relieved from all the responsibility of my lecture engagements, and concentrated on the one all-important engagement, it seems as though I cannot stay my pen. To be sure, I do not write more than in the early days of our acquaintance, but there was

so much to learn from each other then, and more matters to be adjusted than now.

When you come to Paris, shall I have a garden party and introduce you to a larger number of our young people? And if so, what would you think of announcing our engagement at the time? It would be something a little out of the ordinary, of course, but is there any reason why it should not be? Let me have your views regarding this, as well in other things that bear upon the plans, at the earliest hour you can write.

By the way, I had a letter yesterday from my dear Leonore Lane, the young woman of whom I spoke in connection with Mr. Somerville, and the poor child writes that she cannot consider our proposition even for a moment. It is her purpose to devote her life, exclusively, to her baby, and she is now taking a special business course, with a view to better preparing herself for the single-handed battle of life. I must say that my admiration for her is increased by this decision, though I do feel more sorry still for her, if possible. When we are married and settled, and you have time to think about it, I want you to use your business sense to help her to make some money, for a gift of it I fear she would not accept. I am so grateful that I do not have her suffering, though how gladly would I have saved her from the wiles of a reprobate if I could. I am so grateful for your love, dearest Arthur; for the love

of a man who has such a high sense of honor and an exalted appreciation of womanhood, and I sincerely wish that all young women were as fortunate as I.

Believing that I have pleased you in the decision I have made,

I am, with tenderest love and true,
Your always affectionate
HELEN.

"LA PLANTA FARM,"
July 29, 1906.

MY OWN DEAR HELEN:

I had just come to my "den" to re-read and answer your first letter when your second one arrived. Oh, for language to express the satisfaction of my soul in them! My dear, *dear* Helen! Four weeks of unalloyed bliss at The Lakes with you, then two months of busy preparations, and you are to be my wife! I can only half believe that such joy is to be mine. Once before I told you that I "walked in air," so happy was I, but what I felt then was only a fore-gleam of that which I am experiencing now. Of course, you knew you would please me in your decision! In fact "please" isn't strong enough to express it at all; you have made me supremely happy and no man could be happier than that.

It will be easy for me to join you at the appointed time, and I shall be glad to bring your admiring Margaret, but my sister had already arranged a

business mission and cannot alter her plans. You can imagine about how delighted Margaret is. She loves her "Uncle Arthur" dearly, and with her prospective "Aunt Helen" she is simply charmed.

I secured a contractor the very day you left, my dear, and the proposed changes in the bungalow are well under way. How much does your Cousin Louise know of your ideals in colorings and furnishings? You must not be bothered a moment with the matter of refitting the house, and in thinking about how it was to be done without you I have wondered if your cousin could not be trusted to carry out your color schemes. If so, she could accompany Margaret and me home the first week in September, or come when the house is ready, and relieve you of all the worry or even of thinking about it. What do you say? I want it to be in perfect harmony with your ideals in colorings, but dare not choose myself.

And in the matter of your trousseau: I regard your taste as faultless—your artistic dress was one of the first things that interested me in you, you know—and so have no suggestions to make. Because you have the artistic sense developed to such a high degree, I am inclined to be interested in your plea for "a touch of color in gentlemen's evening dress," and if you cannot persuade some society of young men to adopt it, I'll get me a *"cummer-bund"* and a colored waistcoat and wear them when we are alone together. How would that do? You say I

am laughing at you? No, I am not, my dear. If it would give you so much pleasure to see a company of young men in colors, would it not give you a little pleasure to see one man—and especially your husband—attired as you suggest? I am sincere, and I will prove it to you in time.

As to the kind of a wedding we shall have, the reception, and announcement in my presence of our engagement, I leave also with you. Any arrangements you may make will be entirely satisfactory with me, for I rely on your judgment thoroughly.

I am just reminded that I have not said anything to you about a wedding journey. Where would you like to go? Would you care to take a trip around the world at this time? Your will is my pleasure, my beloved; do not have any hesitancy in saying just what you would like. I have not mentioned my gratification in the news of your good health, either, but you understood that was included in my joy in the prospects of our early marriage. A well wife is the only one to have for many reasons.

By the way, I spent last evening at "Travellyn Lodge," with the La Rose's, and in consequence could "trade compliments" with you a score of times. Aren't they charming people? Such friends are certainly our truest riches.

My thoughts turn now to less favored ones. You have interested me greatly in Miss Leonore Lane, and all my manhood's sympathies go out to her.

What should be done, anyway, with men whose practice it is to seduce primary virtue; who betray the trust of such excellent girls? I can think of no punishment that would be too severe to mete out to them. At any rate, the very least leniency that should be shown, it seems to me. would be but to allow them the choice of a life incarceration behind prison bars, or the surrender at once of their virile powers. This sounds harsh, I know, but who suffers more than a ruined girl? especially with the prevailing ideals of society.

There is another thing, too, that is wrong, though, of course, it does not compare with the crime to which I have just referred, and that is the tendency of so many young men to monopolize the time of a young woman, often for years, when they have no serious intentions, and thus keep away others, and possibly more desirable suitors. I have known them to take actual pride in doing this. Believe me, if I were a young woman, all such lovers would be promptly dismissed.

Certainly, my dearest Helen, we will do anything we can in the case of Miss Lane to make life more tolerable; but I want us to get at a foundation work as soon as possible and help to create more public sentiment against the seducer, and more general sympathy for the victims of his diabolical art.

Let me see, this is July 29th, isn't it? Margaret and I should leave here on the morning of the 30th

in order to reach you by August 1st, but I think I will wait to hear just what place you have selected, and we will go directly there. This will delay you a little, but I think you will not care. You would not want to have the reception until after we returned, would you?

My auto is at the door and the chauffeur tells me I must start at once, if I get this to the post. I'll make it keep time with my heartbeats to-night, though, and that means we will go like the wind.

With fond dreams of the day when my Helen will make these trips with me—such fond dreams—I am

Your devoted

ARTHUR.

"RELACHE COTTAGE,"
PARIS, ILLINOIS,
August 1st, 1906.

MY OWN DEAR ARTHUR:

I write immediately upon receipt of yours to say that we have decided upon a beautiful woodland near Greencastle, Indiana, called "The Shades," where we can rent tents and pitch them any place fancy leads, and entirely out of the track of other campers, if we choose. We do not want to be where we will have to do a particle of dressing, you know, nor see a soul, if we are not inclined. This, at any rate, for the first days of the vacation time. If we weary of it we can seek society later on.

The company will consist of Aunt Emily, Cousin Louise and Mr. Owen Colgate, of the house party; my young half sisters, Alberta and Florence, as partners for Margaret—I felt sure you would not want gentleman company for her—yourself and me. Then possibly father may be able to run over for two or three days before we break up, and bring other members of the family, but he cannot tell now. I could have enlarged the party easily, so many people are anxious to go camping these warm days, but feared to do so, lest some uncongenial spirit might creep in.

No, I do not care to have the announcement party until our return, so you and Miss Margaret can come directly to the camp. Leave the train at Greencastle —most people leave it at Waveland, but Mr. Colgate, Louise and I want a longer automobile drive, so will meet you at the former place, at any time that you designate. If we are not in evidence when you arrive, just wait until we come, for come we surely will.

It is most generous of you to leave so much to me in the matter of proprieties, and is the best proof you could give of the genuineness of your admiration for my good taste. Yes, I believe my Cousin Louise would represent me perfectly in helping to refit the house, and it is a most happy thought of yours. Bring the plans with you and we will go over them all with her. Of course, as you say, I cannot have the strain of it, and since we shall have other houses

some day to furnish I do not care so much if I cannot do this myself now.

I am so happy, dearest Arthur, in anticipation of the coming four weeks! Every responsibility has been thrown to the winds, and for this time, at least, I am going to be a girl; just a lounging, care-free girl, drinking in all the ozone possible, as well as making love.

Do I want to start on a trip around the world, in October? Oh, no, my dear, I could not be persuaded to undertake such a journey at this time. What I want to do is to go directly to "La Planta Farm"; to the place where you have spent so many happy, busy years, and there,

"Shut in from all the world without,"

ride, drive, read, sing, play and plan to our hearts' content. This, to me, represents the summit of joy as I think of our first weeks together. No unsympathetic public to gaze, no uncongenial friends to wonder. Just you, and I, and nature, and the heavenly Father to bless.

But we have many preparations to make, so I will leave anything else that is to be said about it, until we meet.

"Till we meet."

May nothing occur to o'ershadow our happiness, now or then, is the prayer of

Your own loving

HELEN.

"LA PLANTA FARM,"

August 3d, 1906.

MY DEAREST HELEN:

I was not sure that I should have time to reach you by letter before you left Paris, so I sent a telegram this morning to say that Margaret and I are all in readiness, and will leave San Antonio on the evening of August 6th. We should reach Greencastle about 5:30 P. M. on the 8th, but I will telegraph again relative to that.

I, too, am looking forward to this playtime with great pleasure. It will be the first real vacation I have had in fifteen years, and consequently I may not know how to fully relax and enjoy it, but I shall surely try.

Be prepared to see a boy, my dear girlie, and a boy in knee-breeches, too. In most delightful anticipations,

I am your—bound for a royal time—

ARTHUR.

"CAMERON COURT,"

SAN ANTONIO,

September 10, 1906.

DEAREST HELEN:

Margaret and I haven't shaken all the dust of the

"Katy Flyer" from our feet yet—we arrived at 8 A. M., and it is now 9—and are feeling somewhat weary and travel-worn, but we both still vote our four weeks' camping excursion the biggest time in our lives, up to date. No matter, my dear, how many delightful trips you and I may have in future years, I am sure our minds will often revert to this one, and we will call it "the Alps of joy," when you played girl, and I played boy, and we both played "my own true lover."

I am very happy this morning in believing that, although we appeared to each other in a somewhat different rôle, as merrymakers, our love was only increased. I know mine was for you, for while I believe in seriousness and hard work, and concentration, I know there should be seasons for rest and play, and I am glad you can enter into a time like that with such zest. You will do me a great favor always by planning trips of that sort.

Going abruptly from thoughts of the gay days to the serious, how you did surprise me that evening of the garden party when you called me to your side and made the statements you did relative to our marriage!

"His strength is as the strength of ten
Because his heart is pure."

What a marvelously beautiful sentiment! Among the number there may have been those who, be-

cause of the evil in their own hearts, questioned my just claim to all you said; but I doubt not it will set them to thinking and do a world of good. They know you would not lower your standard, and they know, with the unusual opportunities you have had for meeting and studying people, you could scarcely be deceived in me. They know, too, that I could not have stood there as I did, unmoved, had I not been worthy. I realize that you did it, not because you wanted to put me to any test, nor yet because you especially wanted them to know of our love, but because you felt that it was the opportune time to raise a little higher the ideals of your dear home girl friends, some of whom, at least, love you devotedly. When you turned to the young women especially and said what you did about the purposes of marriage, I could see that, although they could not have so spoken themselves, they felt that it was all right for you to do it. What gifts you have in these ways, dearest Helen! I can quite understand how it has been that the society has given you so much recognition. I feel as though I had done so little when I compare your accomplishments with mine, yet it is sometimes as much what a man hasn't done as what he has, that makes him worthy of a good woman's love, isn't it? I shall not prolong my letter this morning, because I must go out to the farm and see how the work of rebuilding is progressing, and when I can call Miss Louise.

But one thing more: you have not told me yet what kind of a wedding gift you would appreciate most. If you do not care for diamonds, or jewelry of any sort, how would you like a few sections of land? I know of a fine tract of about twenty thousand acres of orange land near Houston, that I can get cheap. How would you like that and about ten thousand dollars with which to begin its development? I know of no better business proposition just now than to plant Satsuma orange orchards in that region, for the opening up of the Panama Canal is destined to make of Houston, not only the metropolis of the South, but one of the greatest commercial centres of the world.

It would make you a very busy woman, I know, to take this, in addition to all your other duties, but by paying well for it, it will be easy to secure capable helpers in all departments, and you need do nothing but map out your plans and see that they are executed. Simply the "General" you will be, you see.

Make me happy, my beloved Señorita—as we sometimes say in San Antonio—by telling me that you will accept this, or else express definitely your wishes.

Not only with beautiful memories, but with a contentment and joy and pride in my heart this morning that I had not known before,

I am your very fond and happy

ARTHUR.

"Somers-Day" Hotel,
New York City,
September 21, 1906.

My Dear "Prince Arthur":

The wedding gift you name quite takes my breath away! Twenty thousand acres of land in Illinois would make a man a millionaire! I had not dreamed you had such wealth as this! I knew I was marrying a man who had been marvelously successful, but it had not dawned upon me until now that you had made a fortune in such a comparatively brief time. What unheard-of concentration! You must not say again that your achievements have not been as great as my own. They have been in an altogether different line, to be sure, but to my way of thinking they have not been excelled by any one. But, dearest Arthur, do you think it is right to amass such a fortune without taking into partnership those who have made it possible for you to do it? You say you pay large salaries to your "overseers"; that is good, so far as it goes, but are they not entitled to even more? And what about the poor, illiterate laborers, who haven't the capacity to rise to a responsible position—one that commands a large salary? You could no more have made your money without them than you could without the land your father gave you. Do you not think it would be right, dear, and Christian, to take every man in your employ into your business on the profit-sharing plan? I have such

faith in your goodness of heart, I believe you would soon see the justice of doing this without any suggestions from me, but I could not forbear mentioning it to you. Of course I will accept the gift, if it is your wish, and gladly, and I will tell you what I will do with the major part of it; I'll colonize it, not as a money making project, but as a philanthropy—with your permission. I have seen so many worthy people in the older States who were merely existing, it would give me such happiness to put them in possession of good homes of their own. This has been a long coveted ambition in fact, and now that it is about to be realized it makes me wonder whether I am on earth, yet, or whether I have not been transferred to Heaven. At any rate it makes the place where I am a paradise. Thank you a thousand times.

Do you know my announcing our approaching marriage the way I did was entirely unpremeditated and wholly inspirational? I mean my closing speech. By your leaving on the midnight train I did not have opportunity to speak to you about it afterward, so I am so glad to hear you say now that you thought it perfectly right, and that you did not feel embarrassed in the least. I believe it was your presence that inspired me; your masterful presence and the full belief that those young men could not gainsay, when they looked into your face, a single word I spoke. I am going to call them together again and

tell them more. I am going to tell them about your work and its results. I want them to understand why you have not been tempted even to lead a fast life; that no one with such purposes could possibly find time. Among them there must be some one who would be encouraged to attempt great things, too. I get so provoked at young people because they are content to work for some one else, on a small salary, when they might be beginning large things for themselves. I believe the opportunity to succeed in a big way comes to many young men and women, but only the few are willing to make the sacrifices necessary to start in any great work. When I was about half grown I used to wish I were a boy, because I thought only boys could overcome obstacles and attain success, but, thanks to the wider outlook I obtained later, I was inspired to try to climb the ladder myself. Some day, if you will remind me of it, I'll tell you how greatly the people of Paris sympathized with me in my efforts—everybody except the saloon-keepers. I was especially inspired by the admiration of the children, and many a hard day's work was made glorious by memories of their loyalty and love.

I have written on and on without making any explanation of the above address, or of the delay in answering your letter, which had to be forwarded, but you will understand that I rushed off to New York just as soon as I could after you left. I have done my shopping, my gowns are fitted, and every-

thing is promised by October 10th. I imagined I should be lonely when this was off my mind, but I am almost as conscious of your presence to-day, dear, as though you stood right by my side. Do you ever have this experience? It is very delightful, and I believe is but another proof that we are kindred souls. Nevertheless, pleasant as this communion is, I would annihilate distance if I could, and see the spirit clothed in flesh.

Those days in the woodland were nonesuch days, weren't they? You surprised me greatly by your thorough enjoyment of the various sports. And how I do laugh every time I recall you in your base-ball suit! When you wrote me that you were going to wear knee-breeches, it never occurred to me that you could perpetrate a joke of this sort. It was a capital joke though, just the same, and one I could fully appreciate. As you say, they are never-to-be-forgotten days, as well as nonesuch, and for more reasons than one, not the least of which is that they were re-creating days. I felt so rested in both body and mind, and feel sure that you received an equal amount of benefit. We certainly must take such a vacation every year, and more than one when needed. By the way, Cousin Louise told me before I left that she and Mr. Colgate became engaged at the camp. They have grown up together;—he is a member of one of our large mercantile firms—have been sweethearts almost from infancy, and I think are admir-

ably adapted to each other in every way. Write Louise at your earliest convenience, and tell her of your good opinion of "Mr. Owen," as I always called him. I think, if I remember rightly, you were more than pleased with him. They will not be married before June at the earliest time.

Who do you suppose I met yesterday on an elevated train? Your dear college chum, Dr. Van Allen! How did I know it was he? He was reading leaf. Then I looked into his face and the resem- a book, and I happened to see his name on the fly- blance to the photograph you have of him was so striking I knew I could not be mistaken; so I spoke to him and received a most cordial recognition as well as a beautiful tribute to your dear self. I do not wonder that his influence over you was for good. The atmosphere about him is unmistakably that of purity and truth. Would you not like to have him marry us? I think my pastor is to be away and it would come in just right.

I have decided at last upon a very quiet wedding at high noon at the altar in the Christian Church, just your family and my relatives here being present. If I felt that I really had a home to which to invite them, I would arrange to give a reception to my friends immediately following, but since I cannot plan this, we will just slip away without saying good-by. It is so difficult to say good-by anyway, you know, when one is leaving those whom she most en-

dears, and I certainly do love the home folk; there are no others quite equal to them in my eyes.

I am going to retire now and dream sweet dreams of my "Prince" who is to give me a whole kingdom for a wedding gift! The more I think of it, the more wonderful it seems, and the more I am inclined to believe that I am in "Fairyland." Our Father has given me everything for which I have asked Him; more, indeed, than I could ask or think. My heart is full to overflowing of love for Him to-night, dear, as well as for yourself. We will never forget to take Him into our counsels, will we?

With love thoughts inexpressibly sweet and tender, I am your devoted

HELEN.

"LA PLANTA FARM,"
September 25, 1906.

MY DEAR, BEAUTIFUL HELEN:

Your New York letter has just reached me. I knew nothing could have happened of which I would not have been informed by telegraph or telephone, but I was beginning to fear that your letter was lost in the mails, and as I prize each one of them so highly I could not bear the thought of even that. I might want to publish them sometime, dearest Helen!! If you do not give to young people in some other form the truths with which you have so

impressed me I will plead for the privilege of giving them your letters.

I am glad you are pleased with your wedding gift. Most assuredly I can approve of your philanthropic colonization project. I have given the land to you, to do with as you like, and I shall be very happy in watching you work out the details of such a grand and worthy scheme. Did you not tell me once you would like to lay out and establish a city, too? I have been wondering if this would not give you an opportunity to do that. Of course, I understand that the class of people you intend to help will not have the money to build the sort of homes you would want in your "Ideal City"; but could you not do the colonizing work you contemplate and also build your city? The winters are so delightful, in southern Texas, and it is so very healthful, how would it do to establish a winter home for reformers, where they could hold their chautauquas and conferences? You are so well known among them you would be just the one to do it, and they would be just the ones to help you to beautify to your heart's content. They would fall right in with your ideas of municipal ownership of all public utilities; with your community stables outside the city, your community kitchen, your community laundry, etc. They would value your broad boulevards, pave them at once, would take an interest in nurturing all trees and flowers, and would place fountains and statues in

public streets and parks. People with this spirit would coöperate with you, too, in carrying out your ideals in the matter of entertainments, and in the teaching of sex truths in the schools. And I believe they could be induced to give up their sectarian prejudices even and all join one church, which should be called "The Church of Christ." You see, I listened very attentively and sympathetically when you outlined all this for me on the occasion of my first trip to Paris, and I resolved then, if ever you became my wife, to make it possible for you to realize your ambitions in this respect. If no spot can be found on this tract that is sufficiently beautiful for the city's site, we will find one that is.

Relative to employing my men on a coöperative basis, I have been noting that a few large-hearted manufacturers and others had done this, and am seriously considering it for myself. Be assured, dearest Helen, that I am willing to "follow the gleam" as rapidly as I see it, and if this is one of the ways in which I can do the most good, I am perfectly willing so to plan.

I note all you say, too, in appreciation of the hard work I, myself, have done in accumulating this wealth, which makes it possible for us to lay such broad plans now. Tell you more about the how? The secret lay, dear, simply in my choosing what I was well adapted to doing; my foresight in determining what there would be a market for, and then con-

centrating upon it with all the powers I could command. Any one that can meet these requirements must succeed. The great trouble is, most young men want "high life," and a general good time, and so are not willing to bury themselves for several years, as such a course as mine necessitates. But how much better that than to be slaves to both evil practices and hard work in old age as many of them are! This latter is not God's program for any human soul. I believe He wants young men to provide, financially, for the winter of life, in their youth, and to plan to give to their children the best possible care and culture before they ever ask that a wedding day be named. Coöperation enables many who could never otherwise do it, to plan for "the winter of life," but I refer now to educated young men, who, if they had energy and ambition, would not need to have any concessions made to them.

I am glad your home people have been lovely to you—even the precious children. To have the respect and confidence of those who know one best, of those among whom one has been brought up, is a much finer compliment than to have all the remainder of the world at one's feet. I understand about the saloonkeepers. It is hardly to be expected that they would speak a good word for one who was engaged in the work of helping to destroy their business, especially if she were successful. I have no use for men in the liquor trade; there is positively no affinity be-

tween myself and them, yet I must say that I have more respect for them, too, than I have for professed Christian men who secretly patronize their business, or vote with those that sustain it. I have never taken very much interest in politics—partly because I have been so busy, and partly because of the objectionable manner in which campaigns are generally conducted—but a few days ago, while in Dallas, it was my privilege to hear the Hon. O. W. Stewart, the Prohibition party's great organizing leader, and at the close of his address, I made another vow: namely, that I would, henceforth, give both time and money to the support of the principles for which men have been so terribly boycotted and abused. Prohibitionists will generously forgive my sins of omission in the past, I feel sure, when they know of my purpose to give them large financial help in the future, as well as a part of my time. How very rapidly prohibition sentiment is growing these days, and especially in the great Southland! The only thing that will make it possible for the saloon to remain more than just a few years longer will be for the saloonkeepers to clean up their places of business, and this is no prophecy, for it is so plainly written that every one can read. With what power Mr. Stewart used, in his advice to young men, the words of Wendell Philips: "Advocate some righteous, unpopular cause in your youth, if you would be on the popular side in middle life," and certainly no words

were ever truer. The minority of yesterday is the majority of to-day. The liquor traffic is going to die, and I am so proud of the fact that in the noblest conflict history has ever recorded up to the present time, so many of Dixie's brave sons will stand in the forefront.

So you have met my friend and college chum, Dr. Bruce! It would please me greatly, dearest, to have him marry us, and acting upon your suggestion, I have written him at once. How good of you to connect this bit of sentiment with our union! I am sure he will come and be only too glad to do it.

Now, about the house; it is rapidly nearing completion, so large a force did the contractor put on, and I will be ready for Miss Louise any time after this week. I will write her directly to-day, as I shall want to tell her of my pleasure in the good news of her happiness. Yes, I did admire Mr. Colgate very much, and I can sincerely tell Miss Louise so. How different the lot of poor Edwin Somerville! It was a great oversight on my part not to have arranged for all the young people who were so impressed with your lectures in San Antonio to meet you, socially, while you were here last, but your stay was so brief, and I was anxious about so many things, it never once occurred to my mind. Shall we not invite them all out to "La Planta Farm" as soon as convenient after you come South? I spoke of Mr. Somerville particularly. He is very despondent and in need of

just such a greeting as you would give him. I felt quite rebuked when he congratulated me and spoke of his disappointment in not seeing you again himself. Sometimes I feel tempted to set him up in business and so test the sincerity and ability to reform of young men who have made such shipwrecks of life, but there are so many ways to do good, I do not know that that would be the best use to which to put money after all. His father was a larger land owner than mine. I think it was seven sections that Mr. Somerville gave Edwin, when he reached his majority, and he not only gambled that away, but has almost broken his father up, too. The power that the sin of gambling has over a young man is incomparable! We shall want always to put our money where it will do the most good, and I will decide upon nothing until after we are married, and I can have your judgment in the matter, too.

How I should love to be with you on the Hudson to-night, dearest Helen. Sketching more of the life of young Somerville, and recalling the fact that he represents a very large class of young men, has depressed my spirits, and made me long inexpressibly for your society, and an opportunity to talk it all out. How sympathetic your broad education has made you, how different from other young women! Could another be found, I wonder, who would refuse a wedding journey, preferring to go, instead, to a farm? Yet these things make me love you only the

more. I believe you were born for me, dearest Helen, and that I have been working and waiting all these years for you, and for you alone.

I'll say good night now, and as I write it pray that the "holy angels may guard your pillow," and constantly "keep watch between thee and me."

Adoringly,

ARTHUR.

While you are in the metropolis, suppose you visit art stores and make some selections of statuary and paintings for our home, shipping to me, C. O. D.

"SOMERS-DAY" HOTEL,
NEW YORK CITY,
October 4, 1906.

DEAREST "PRINCE ARTHUR":

I did not realize that we were so far apart until your letter came, and I found that, although you answered at once, eight days intervened between the posting of mine and the receipt of yours. You would question my sanity, I fear, were I to tell you how often I have read it, but you know when away from home and so far separated from loved ones, every word from their hearts is doubly precious to us.

Of course, I am delighted to hear of your decision to make your work coöperative, though it was exactly what I expected of you. You are a "Prince," not because of the success of your life, but because of

your willingness to share it with others. God approves of such money-making as yours, I haven't a doubt of it, my dear. Go on serving humanity thus, and He will surely richly bless us.

I am pleased, too, to note your sympathetic interest in my model community. I feared you might think me too visionary altogether in this, but I might have known that one who had felt and done such great things himself would be the last to frown upon another's plans. All you say concerning the possibilities in community building in case I should appeal to reformers is true, I think, except in matters of church union. They are the nearest ready for church union of any people who can be found, but whether even they, when it came to the test, could be induced to give up their sectarian prejudices, I cannot determine. Let me give you a little experience my brother had in support of what I say. When he was in Jerusalem, he and some of his companions thought to have a little union service at their hotel one Sunday night, and administer the sacrament. It was proposed, I think, by a Christian minister who knew that there were a number of religious people in the house, but it had not occurred to him that there could be representatives of so many and such widely different beliefs. When he came to canvass the matter, he found that there were, besides himself and other members of the Christian Church, Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists and Quak-

ers; that the Baptists would not commune with any one else; he and the others of the Christian Church did not like to commune with the Quakers, because they did not believe in baptism, and the Episcopalians would not commune with either or any because none other belonged to "the true church;" so the angels that guarded "the Holy City" that night witnessed the sad spectacle of two or three little meetings in separate corners. Isn't it a shame? The church of God is half impotent to-day because she is preaching the doctrines peculiar to the various sects, when she might be preaching Christ. Church union is coming, I haven't a doubt of it, but it will not come in time to solve the problem for me in this building of a model community. My model community must have one church only, however; that is settled. How would it do to form the whole church membership into a sort of College of Christian Workers, with altogether new methods, and methods that would result in time in real organic union? For instance have, instead of a preacher, a teacher, a truly scholarly man, who thoroughly understands the languages in which the Bible was originally written, and knows all there is to be learned from contemporaneous history. Then have, in the library of the College's building, all the Bible commentaries that have ever been written and give the membership access to these. Each time when the succeeding lesson is announced, appoint committees from the various de-

nominations, whose duty it shall be to fully familiarize themselves with what the commentators of their respective schools say on the subject; that is, Presbyterians to be prepared to give the Presbyterian interpretation; Methodists the Methodist; Baptists the Baptist, and so on. The Sunday programme to be practically a Sunday school, with the teacher at the desk, the pupils in the pews, each with a Bible in hand. All to read, responsively, the lesson, the selected committeemen to bring forward the views of their leaders and the whole to end in a free parliament. Of course, there would always be some bigots who could not be influenced, but every perfectly sane, well poised, unselfish man and woman would be teachable and would study the "Book of Books," with a new interest. Such a plan would, it seems to me, not only greatly increase our faith and the attendance at services, but would make sectarian difference disappear as rapidly as does snow beneath the southern sun. It is knowledge that the church needs, knowledge of what the Bible really teaches, and any awakening or increased activity that comes as a result of other methods will not endure. I am not sure that this is wholly coherent, but I believe you will get my idea. There would have to be pastors, of course, who would organize the philanthropies of the church, look after the sick, etc. It might also be well to have Sunday night or mid-week lectures—illustrated lectures fre-

quently—on the geography and history of Bible lands, as well as of our present mission fields, for the benefit of those who haven't time to read as much as they should. Does it not seem to you that methods of this sort might be more effective than mere union services along the old lines, and that it might prove a larger contribution to the real progress of the church, or rather, of Christianity? You and I are both ready for union, no matter how much we would have to give up, but since there is no union to join, I believe, while we are waiting, we would be better satisfied to establish "a meeting," as the Friends say, when we build the model city, that would be more in conformity with our ideals. This part of the plans may not seem practicable to you at all, but we will put it on the schedule for discussion by and by, and see what our united prayers and judgments disclose.

I am so glad for your resolve to become a prohibition worker, as well as a large contributor to the cause, though I always felt confident that you would just as soon as you were fully awakened. Of course the residents of my model city must all be prohibitionists.

I shall surely be glad to meet the young people of San Antonio who were interested in my lectures there, and would propose that we make the home at "La Planta Farm" a sort of clubhouse for them. I do not want to stop working with young people for

many a day yet; it is such delightful work, and this would give the best opportunity for pressing home some of the beautiful truths which we have learned and which have not yet been revealed to them.

Thank you so much, dearest Arthur, for your suggestion that I should make some selections of paintings and statuary for our home, while I am in New York. It was just like you to think of it, but I believe I would rather wait until I have more time.

The facts in the case are, dear, my mind isn't much on matters of that sort, just now. It isn't really on "model community building," either, although I have written at such great length concerning it, or on any of the pleasures, possessions, or opportunities of this nature which our union will bring me. It is concerned with a far weightier subject; can you not guess what it is?

Thoughts of marriage always increased my heartbeats, when I recalled its real significance, and now that my own wedding day is so near, I am overwhelmed with responsibility, because I feel so wholly unprepared. What is stranger than that, among all the great universities of the world, there isn't one to which I can now go to scientifically fit myself for my new duties? It is past all human undertaking, isn't it?

If I wanted to become a doctor, a lawyer, a farmer, a cook, or even a caretaker of horses, I could find a multitude of colleges to receive me, but when I pro-

pose to enter the profession of motherhood, which is a thousand times more important than any other—if indeed its importance can be measured and compared—there isn't a single door open to me. The National Congress of Mothers has in contemplation a college of motherhood, I understand, but again it is too late to help me.

Please do not think that I regret my decision, or shrink from marriage for any reason other than the one I have named, for I assure you I do not. It is only that I am so ignorant, with all my fine appreciation and high ideals, of what my new profession really comprehends. I have a dear friend in Brooklyn, Dr. Wood-Allen, whom I have before quoted, the founder of *American Motherhood* and the author of those beautiful words:

"A partnership with God is motherhood."

I think I will go over to call upon her this evening and see if she can lessen the disappointment in any degree, so shall not write more.

With tender, sacred thoughts, believe me, always,

Your devoted

HELEN.

"SOMERS-DAY" HOTEL,
NEW YORK CITY,
October 5, 1906.

MY DEAREST ARTHUR:

I have good news for you! My Brooklyn friend

has outlined a little course of study for me, and I have placed myself under her personal instruction for the next two weeks. How I wish I might have come two months ago, or even two years! The time I have is altogether too brief, yet it is infinitely better than nothing at all, and I shall be able to continue the studies you know after I leave New York. I am very happy in the opportunity to get this much even, dear, and to know that you understand me is such a comfort. As I have said before, so few men enter, sympathetically, into the things that most concern a sensitive woman, but you do, and it is when I think of this that I love you most. You have the strength of the strongest men, the tenderness and sympathy of women, dearest Arthur, a combination so rare, yet so much to be desired. What a happy, happy wife I shall be!

The outline of my course of study has to do with prenatal influences and conditions only. Paidology I can study later on; but you know we progressive women believe that we can give our children any talent we fully determine upon giving them, and it was this knowledge that I felt particularly anxious to possess. If I had time, I should like to take another course in physical education and would study household economies, scientific cookery and the artistic decoration of the home. To all these things you may be sure that I shall yet devote a considerable part of my time.

I shall leave for the West the 19th inst., so you will have opportunity to write me once or twice more only before I go. Think of it, dearest Arthur, three or four letters only to pass between us; three or four weeks only and we shall "stand before the King" to plight our troth!

With sweetest, holiest thoughts of that hour,

I am your loving, devoted

HELEN.

"LA PLANTA FARM,"

October 10, 1906.

MY DEAREST "LADY HELEN":

My pulses were thrilled to an unusual degree as I read your letters of the 4th and 5th instants! Was there ever another woman. I say again, like my beautiful Helen? One so conscientious, so appreciative and true? I understand something of your feelings, dearest, and if there were a "College of Motherhood" to which you could go, I would consent to a postponement of our nuptials until you were satisfied with your knowledge in this field. Since there is none, I do not see anything to do but to carry out our present plans. Then, when you, through experience and study, have the necessary information, you can establish such a school for the training of other young women. This cannot, altogether, make up for the loss to you, I know, but it will, in such large measure, I feel sure you can see "the silver lining" to your "cloud."

And how good that you have a friend to whom you can go for some help, even though the time is so limited! Take heart from this, dear. A few days ago I saw an advertisement of some purity books and among them was one, "What a Young Husband Ought to Know," for which I sent at once.

How very, very tender my love grew, Dearest, as I read again of your soul's purest longings, and realized more and more of the depths of your womanly nature. The way will open, in some direction, I am sure, for the instruction of one who is so anxious to do her part well.

Those words from your friend's pen:

"A partnership with God is motherhood,"

are marvelously beautiful; indeed, I cannot imagine anything lovelier or more chaste. It is undoubtedly the continuous reading of such sentiment as this, for years, that has so exalted your thought. You have been living in an entirely different world from most women, yet you have been so patient with all with whom you have come in touch. Let your accustomed practical good sense control you now, dearest, and go forward with courage and a purpose true.

I was profoundly interested in all you said relative to the church of your model city. You doubtless know much better than I what can and what cannot

be done, for here again your experiences have been larger. What a commentary on our present divided church your brother's Jerusalem experience was! And it is only about two years since that occurred, is it not? We are so thoroughly converted to union, as you say, it is difficult for us to understand why everybody else is not. *The church isn't out of the kindergarten!* If it were there could not possibly be as many sects and "isms" as there are.

I haven't written this letter comfortably, dearest. Perhaps you have noticed my nervous pen. Word reached me in yesterday's post that a Chicago syndicate was about to purchase the tract of land I coveted for you, and so I am off for Houston at once. I do not know of any other body of land so desirable that is available, and I am particularly anxious to get hold of it myself. Land is advancing so very rapidly in price, too, is another reason why I am making haste.

This absorbing business interest cannot supplant the still more absorbing thoughts of you, though, dearest, and of the rapidly approaching great day, when you will be my wife! My precious Helen! you cannot know now how I honor and love you, but you will know some sweet day.

That the counsel of your friend, if not this letter, may lift the burden, is the prayer of

Your ever adoring

ARTHUR.

"Somers-Day" Hotel,
New York City,
October 16, 1906.

My Dearest "Prince Arthur":

Of all your beautiful, satisfying letters, your last has touched me most deeply! "Oh, noble Prince!" I have only half realized the greatness of your soul! To think that you appreciate my disappointment so keenly and truly, that you would propose that I should have the joy of establishing the first college of motherhood! It does take the heaviness out of my heart, for with the scientific help of my Brooklyn friend, and the sympathetic help you will give, I can yet prepare myself reasonably well, at least, for my new and sacred offices. I feel as though the last "cloud" on our horizon had vanished, dearest Arthur, and that the "new heaven" and "new earth" had come. Surely, it has come to us, and it will come to all lovers who have been as candid with each other, and who as fully understand each other's sentiments and tastes.

Recalling the fact that all do not pass as rigid examinations as we, I am reminded of a little experience I had as I came to New York City. On a Big Four train one day I sat behind two well-dressed, fine-looking young men, who were evidently old acquaintances, but who had not met for several years. After reminiscing for a while, one of them took the photo of a beautiful girl from his pocket and

began telling the other how perfectly charming she was; of his love for her, and of their approaching nuptials. The friend let him talk on and on for a considerable time without replying, except to comment on the young woman's beauty, but finally he said: "Oh, you will get over all that some day, old fellow!" I was so hurt I could have cried. The one was married, I suppose, and married after the kind of a courtship which hides everything that the contracting parties ought to know, so after a few years, or possibly months—it could not have been long, for he was young—his love was as dead as a last year's rose; deader, in fact, for a rose still has some perfume left. Doesn't he exactly represent the prevailing ideals of courtship? And are there any customs that need altering more? I wanted to speak to the lover and had fully made up my mind so to do, if a good opportunity presented itself, but he left the train, unfortunately, before his married friend, and I was left, with my disappointment, to wonder and to think. How glad I was as I meditated that I was not that man's wife! And how happy, too, to have proof at the same time of the fact that love can and does live. Just across the aisle from me was a whole family, a father, mother, and four half grown, healthy boys and girls, and I never saw more affection in a man's eyes nor more deference paid to a woman than she was paid by her "liege lord." No one could doubt, as he

watched them, that the trinity of love was there; and that was not all; it was evident that there had been the fullest coöperation in the children's care.

My thoughts are so much of the more important things, dearest, I had not remembered until now the receipt of your telegram saying you had been able to secure the land. I am glad of it, of course, very glad, because I am sure your success adds to your happiness greatly.

I must tell you, while I think of it, that I had a long talk with Dr. Wood-Allen the other day regarding your suggested trip around the world, and she advises that, as a part of our preparation for parenthood, we make the journey, starting, say, about February of next year. That, in view of our proposed future work and the ambitions which we desire to transmit to our children, we take this method of enlarging our own minds and hearts. But do not take time to consider it now; we shall have months in which to decide. A telephone message, received this moment from Brooklyn, informs me that my doctor instructor is called to Michigan to see relatives who are very ill, so this alters my plans, and I will leave immediately for the West, too. Even before this comes to your hands, I will have reached Paris. Write me there. And, dearest, can you not come very soon, so that we may spend the remainder of our ante-nuptial days together? It would be lovely

to be with you, for letters no longer seem adequate to express the sentiments of my soul. It is fortunate that we did not postpone our marriage until next June. I see now that this is the very limit of time that we could have been content separated. Too long engagements are unwise. I am fully ready, dearest Arthur, and rejoice with joy unspeakable that before another moon shall full and wane, I shall hear from your lips those sweet, meaningful words, "my wife!"

With the deepest, most sacred thoughts a woman ever had, I am your fond, fond HELEN.

AT "THE COURT,"
SAN ANTONIO,
October 20, 1906.

MY PRECIOUS HELEN:

"There are times," the poet says,
"When thoughts do lie too deep for human utterance,"

and surely this is the time in my own life! When I think of our next meeting, and of all the beautiful days that are to follow, words seem entirely too meaningless to convey to you the ecstasies of my soul, so I shall not try, but just say that the house and practically all my arrangements here are complete, and that within forty-eight hours

after this goes to the post, accompanied by Miss Louise, I shall be on my way to Paris.

My family will not arrive, of course, until the evening of the 30th, or possibly not until the morning of the 31st, but I have asked Dr. Van Allen to join us on Monday, the 29th inst., and he has promised so to do.

I hope you will be pleased to know, dearest, that I have ordered a couple of automobiles for use during the week we are in Paris, so as to have numerous excursions with the family, into the country and to adjoining cities and towns, and these we will make, on leaving, presents to your Father and Aunt. When you can help me to determine in what way, we will remember them more substantially still, and we will call it a thank offering for God's great goodness to us in so truly uniting our lives.

And now, my dearest Helen, as a last written word, in the language of another fond Love to his 'Heart, "May all gentlest angels attend you!"

Your satisfied,

ARTHUR.

## ADDENDUM.

The morning of October 31st, 1906, dawned clear and warm in Paris, and warmer still were the hearts of the people, for they loved the little girl—she always would be that to them—who was to be married that day, and although there was a feeling of

disappointment that they were not to witness the ceremony, they recognized Miss Helen's right to make it private, if she chose.

"How can we add to the pleasures of the day?" they asked themselves when the announcements were all made. "She does not now need money, nor any gifts which money can buy; how can we show our appreciation of her loyalty to us and to all the interests of her beloved Paris?" So—they had put their heads together, and planned, as we shall see.

Miss Helen's own arrangements were simplicity itself. All she had thought of was to have the ceremony, extraordinarily solemn to her because she so keenly felt the responsibilities of marriage, in the most sacred place of which she knew, and that, to her, was the altar of the Christian Church. Here she had given her heart to Christ and been baptized, as well as knelt with many another penitent, and now, she said: "I'll kneel there when I take my marriage vows." She had not thought of decorations; its great organ, its artistic colorings, its beautiful memories, were adornment enough for her. Miss Lois Montgomery was to play, softly, during the ceremony; they were to be unattended, and only the two families, including Aunt Emily and Cousin Louise, were to be present.

When the occupants of the four cabs arrived at the church, the bride with her Father and Cousin Louise, the bridegroom with his friend, Doctor Van

Allen, and the other members of the party following, the first surprise met them. The church was as white, almost, as the dainty silk muslin dress Helen wore. Not only had all the chrysanthemums in the city been used, but the bride's numerous friends in adjoining States had been appealed to, and hundreds of the great, white beauties had been shipped in.

Then just as the ceremony closed, a chorus of sweet voices pealed forth from the parlors; the voices of her dearest girl friends:

"We cannot let you go our Helen,
We cannot let you go,
Without one tender word from you,
You've always been so good, so true,
We cannot let you go.

"We cannot let your go, our Helen,
We cannot let you go,
Without one tender word to you,
We love, love you, yes we do,
We cannot let you go."

When the last sweet echo of the music had died away Helen turned to call the girls to her and faced her brother Paul. He had come all the way from London to give his sister the joyous surprise of being present at her marriage and had fortunately

arrived in time to hear her take the vows. Were the beautiful wedding "gifts" of the Father never to end?

The next few moments, with their embraces, their introductions and reconciliations, presents a picture too sacred to fully unveil. But there is another: the picture of the dear girl friends who wait. They advance at the opportune time, with flushed faces, as well as loyal hearts—for Paul Davenport is magnetic and handsome beyond description—and extend their congratulations, so tender and true.

There were no other demonstrations until the cabs started for the two o'clock train. Then, all at once, the streets were filled with people, who, like the appreciative girls at the church, could not let Helen go without giving her some manifestation of their esteem. The cab tops were now promptly lowered, and all along the route hundreds of hats were lifted, and hundreds of handkerchiefs waved a loving greeting (which included, of course, a recognition of the home boy's return, as well as the home girl's going). When they reached the depot Judge Francis Noble, appointed spokesman for the company, advanced to the first cab and said: "Miss Helen, you belong to us; we have for years regarded you as our most distinguished citizen, and we simply could not allow you to go away without our blessing. Accept from us, your loyal neighbors and friends, the deepest admiration and affection of our hearts, and know that

our interests and prayers will follow you to the beautiful new home to which you go, and which you will so truly grace."

Then followed the presentation of the gallant husband to the judge, but before there was opportunity for congratulations the train came in, and the party's private car, "El Palacio," was coupled on, and they were called to go aboard. Doubtless this was well, for Mrs. Davenport-Macdonald (the compound name had been decided upon, the husband taking it as well as the wife) could scarcely have stood a longer interview, her heart was so near to bursting with its wealth of joy and love.

"El Palacio's" company—said company including the Davenports and De Forrests, as well as the Macdonald family—was a gay one, except the beautiful bride. Her thoughts were too deep and her memories too vivid to permit her to enter into the gayeties, but it goes without saying that no one was quite so happy as was she.

The party stopped over night in St. Louis, the Paris people returning home the next day, and from there on "El Palacio" went direct to San Antonio, arriving Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

Here they said good-by to Father and Mother Macdonald, Mrs. Moore and Margaret Lee, stepped into the auto that stood in waiting, and in scarcely more time than it takes to tell it, were driven through the moonlighted gates at "La Planta Farm."

"Home, sweet home," said Arthur, as he tenderly half-carried his beautiful wife up the steps, and Helen echoed, drawing her fair arms more closely about his neck: "Yes, 'home, sweet, *sweet* home.'"

THE END.

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